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THE
C R Y.



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THE
C R Y:
A NEW
DRAMATIC FABLE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Hominem pagina nostra sapit.

Martial.



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and*

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E P I L O G U E.

P R O-

ERRATA.

PAge 53. l. 8. after the word *fury* dele *is*.
 p. 67. l. 18. for *on* r. *to*. p. 138. l. 3. for
the r. *they*. p. 145. l. 14. for *that* forced r. *that*
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 l. 2. for *his misery* r. *his wife's misery*. p. 231. l.
 4. put a semicolon after the word *him*, and dele
 the semicolon after *abruptness*.



INTRODUCTION.

OUR address is to the candid reader; to the morose critic we know that all address is vain; to such as are willing to understand, we will endeavour to be perspicuous; and to those who are desirous of being pleased, we shall greatly miss of our aim, if we give no entertainment. Nay, we will venture to affirm, that every reader by his own disposition, in a great measure, contributes to his own entertainment.

For if a man reads with the desire of gaining information, such an enquiring mind will certainly find matter on which to build some knowledge; if to be pleased and amused be his design, his own good-

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humour

humour will not suffer him to lose his labour; and if to carp and find fault should be his choice, his inclination will not fail of producing proofs enough of his having found an object of his spleenetic delight: it not being more certain that an impatient lover, expecting his mistress to the minute of an appointment, will mistake every moving object, nay even every bush, for his approaching fair one, than that an earnest seeker after faults will take in as such every object in his view, in order to gratify his greedy expectations. 'Tis speaking of such kind of readers only that the poet says——

*Critics on life or verse are hard to please;
Few write to those, and none can live to these.*

And both for the same reason, namely, the warmth with which men embrace the discovery of every new fault. It were well if they stopp'd here, and every minute failing also was not taken in to make up the weight. Such men, instead of endeavouring to keep pace with the imagination of writers of
genius

genius, strive rather to cramp and bind them in such chains as must render them insipid.

Those inimitably beautiful chorus's to *Shakespear's Harry the fifth*, where he desires his audience *to play with their fancies*, and to suffer him to bear them on the lofty wings of his own sublime imagination, over the expanded ocean to different countries and distant climates, we should have thought might have warm'd the morosest cynic into a taste of pleasure, and have baffled the ill-humour of the severest critic. And yet we once remember in a conversation, to have heard a gentleman treat these very chorus's, as if he had been examining an evidence in a court of justice; and then gravely (we will not say dully) pronouncing sentence, that they were contrary to all form and order, and only the wild reveries of an unbridled imagination. On such Critics justly may one say with *Terence*;

Faciunt ne intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant.

And between such authors as *Shakespeare*,
(if any more there are) and such critics as
our before - mention'd gentleman, who
would blame any one for acting, as *Terence*
in the same prologue is said 'to act by some
other Authors of confirm'd credit;

*Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam,
Potius quam istorum obscuram diligentiam?*

When a judicious writer sets before his
readers entertainment for their imagina-
tions, and desires them to indulge both
him and themselves by playing with their
fancies, should any man be so perversely
sour as to sit in strict judgment; or if
on the other hand, where the judgment
ought to be employed, should he give a
loose to his own wild imaginations, all
time and place must be confused, and
every image must be distorted into ab-
surdity.

With the two principal ends in view,
to entertain and to instruct (not to mention
another

another principal view, which hath undoubtedly produced more volumes than either of the former, but, however seriously important to the writer, is too ludicrous to find more than this cursory notice here) various have been the methods taken for those purposes. *Ariosto*, *Spenser*, and even *Milton*, ran into allegory, as there is nothing to which a great and lively imagination is so prone. It is a flight by which the human wit attempts at one and the same time to investigate two objects, and consequently is fitted only to the most exalted genius's. It should therefore be very sparingly practised, lest, whilst the writer plays with his own fancies, and diverts himself by cutting the air with his wide-spread wings, he should soar out of the view of his readers, leaving them in confusion and perplexity to explore his viewless track.

Those who would attempt the same uncommon flights must, we are very sensible, have the same uncommon genius's; otherwise they would make as ridi-

culous a figure as those poets mentioned by *Horace*, who to prove their title to natural genius, went unshaved and slovenly into the public walks, because *Democritus* had said that * nature was better than art. But with some small portion of real genius, and a warm imagination, an author surely may be permitted a little to expand his wings, and to wander in the aerial fields of fancy, provided the well-known fable of *Icarus* bears this prudent advice to his ear, that he soar not to such dangerous heights, from whence unplumed he may fall to the ground disgraced, if not disabled from ever rising any more. There is scarcely to be found in any author such an inexhaustible treasure, such an immense fund of knowledge, as in *Montaigne*; but like a heap of pearls for want of being strung, half their beauties are lost in confusion. His intrinsic worth, by not being stamp'd with some outward image, is not always current with the memory; and to digest such rich matter as is scatter'd about
in

* *Horace's art of poetry.*

in every chapter, requires a very searching and attentive mind. Yet it is hardly to be doubted but the free manner of writing which he assumed, was most fitted to his own genius, and by chusing any other he might have lost part of the force and energy of his images, which could not have been compensated by regularity and method.

Essay-writing is perhaps of all others the easiest for the author, and requires little more than what is called a fluency of words, and a vivacity of expression, to avoid dullness: but without such a real foundation of matter, as is to be found in the above-mentioned author, and in some few others of our own nation, whose names are too obvious to need repeating, an essay-writer is very apt, like *Dogberry* in *Shakespeare's Much ado about nothing*, to think that if he had the tediousness of a king, he would bestow it all upon his readers. 'Tis on this account in all likelihood, that stories and novels have been so much more sought after than meer es-

says. Yet stories and novels have flowed in such abundance for these last ten years, that we would wish, if possible, to strike a little out of a road already so much beaten. There are two obvious reasons for such a deviation. One is the real excellence of some of those writings, both as to humour, character, moral, and every other proper requisite, which (without an affected humility) we by no means promise fully to equal, much less to surpass; and the other reason is, that we may not be thrown aside as increasing the number of that set of trifling performances, whose names we presume are most of them already devoted to oblivion. For although a decent modesty of not boasting ourselves equal to the best, may not be misbecoming; yet the same modesty would restrain us from imposing on the public what we thought below their consideration.

“^b When an author (writes a gentleman of no less erudition than judgment,

^b Preface to *Hermes*, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Language and Grammar.

ment) “ poorly anticipates your pardon
 “ for a bad performance, by declaring
 “ that *it was the fruits of a few idle hours;*
 “ *written meerly for private amusement; ne-*
 “ *ver revised; publish’d against consent, at*
 “ *the importunity of friends, copies (God*
 “ *knows how) having by stealth gotten*
 “ *abroad; with other stale jargon of equal*
 “ *falsehood and inanity; may we not ask*
 “ *such prefacers if what they allege be*
 “ *true, what has the world to do with*
 “ *with them and their crudities?”* And
 may we not farther ask, what can induce a
 reader to turn one leaf beyond such con-
 temptible prefaces?

In an epic poem, the proem generally
 informs you of the poet’s intention in his
 work. He tells you either what he de-
 signs to do, or what he intreats some supe-
 rior power to do for him.

Arms and the man I sing, &c.

says *Virgil.*

*The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess sing;*

begins the immortal *Homer*; whose example is follow'd by our own *Milton*, in his *Paradise Lost*,

Of man's first disobedience, &c.——

Sing heav'nly muse.——

Sometimes the poet not only tells you what is the subject of his song, but he also informs you what is not, as in the beginning of the *Paradise Regain'd*,

I who ere while, &c.——

Now sing, &c.——

The same method is observed by *Spenser* in his † *Fairy Queen*, and even by *Virgil*, if
the

† *Fairy Queen*, canto the first.

Lo, I the man, whose muse whilom did mask
As time her taught, in lovely shepherds weeds;
Am now enforcet, a far unfitter task
For trumpets stern, to change my oaten reeds.

the ‘ disputed verses in the beginning of the *Aeneid* may be allowed to be his. But in plain prose, we beg to inform our readers, that our intention in the following pages, is not to amuse them with a number of surprising incidents and adventures, but rather to paint the inward mind.

Plutarch, in the beginning of his life of *Alexander the Great*, says, that “ neither
 “ do the most glorious exploits always
 “ furnish us with the clearest discoveries of
 “ virtue or vice in men; sometimes a
 “ matter of less moment, an expression,
 “ or a jest, informs us better of their manners and inclinations than the most famous sieges, the greatest encampments,
 “ or the bloodiest battles whatsoever.
 “ Therefore, as those who draw by the life,
 “ are more exact in the lines and features
 “ of

‘ Ille ego, qui quondam gratili modulatus avena
 Carmen; et egressus silvis, vicina coëgi,
 Ut quamvis avido parerent arva colono;
 Gratum opus agricolis: *At nunc* horrentia Martis
 Arma virumque cano,

“ of the face, from which we may often
 “ collect the disposition of the person, than
 “ in the other parts of the body: so I
 “ shall endeavour, by penetrating into, and
 “ describing the secret recesses and images
 “ of the soul, to express the lives of
 “ men, and leave their more shining acti-
 “ ons and atchievements to be treated of
 “ by others.”

If the heroine of a romance was to tra-
 vel through countries, where the castles of
 giants rise to her view; through gloomy
 forests, amongst the dens of savage beasts,
 where at one time she is in danger of being
 torn and devour'd, at another, retarded in
 her flight by puzzling mazes, and falls
 at last into the hands of a cruel giant;
 the reader's fears will be alarm'd for
 her safety; his pleasure will arise on seeing
 her escape from the teeth of a lion, or
 the paws of a fierce tiger: if he hath con-
 ceived any regard for the virtuous suf-
 ferer, he will be delighted when she avoids
 being taken captive, or is rescued by the
 valour of some faithful knight; and with
 what

what joy will he accompany her steps when she finds the right road, and gets safely out of the enchanted dreary forest! — But the puzzling mazes into which we shall throw our heroine, are the perverse interpretations made upon her words; the lions, tigers, and giants, from which we endeavour to rescue her, are the spiteful and malicious tongues of her enemies. In short, the design of the following work is to strip, as much as possible, ^a *Duessa* or Falshood, of all her shifts and evasions; to hunt her like a fox through all her doublings and windings; to shew, that, let her imitate Truth ever so much, yet is she but a phantom; and, in a word, to expose her deformity, in hopes to persuade mankind to shun so odious a companion. Nor can this be effected, unless we could awaken the judgment to exert itself, so as to reject all the alluring bribes which the passions, assisted by the imagination, can offer. Unless we could prove that to moderate, and

not

^a *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, book i. canto viii.

not to inflame the passions, is the only method of attaining happiness ; and that it is the interest of man at once to use and to be thankful for his reason, and not absurdly by disuse to weaken its force, and at the same time vainly to boast of its strength.

Thoroughly to unfold the labyrinths of the human mind, is an arduous task ; and notwithstanding the many skilful and penetrating strokes which are to be found in the best authors, there seem yet to remain some intricate and unopen'd recesses in the heart of man. In order to dive into those recesses, and lay them open to the reader in a striking and intelligible manner, 'tis necessary to assume a certain freedom in writing, not strictly perhaps within the limits prescribed by rules. Yet we desire only to be free, and not licentious. We wish to give our imagination leave to play ; but within such bounds as not to grow mad. And if we step into allegory, it shall not be out of sight of our reader. The liberty we desire, is to bring one or more persons before an allegorical assembly, in order

order for them truly to relate their actions and sentiments throughout their past lives. If it should sometimes be found that our imaginary allegorical phantoms talk exactly the language of this world, let it be remember'd that human nature is the picture we intend to paint. If it should be objected, that our mortal persons confess to their audience, what one mortal is not apt to confess to another, let us plead in our defence, that our audience are meerly allegorical. In short, as the machinery of heathen poetry is at present deny'd, the defect can no otherwise be supply'd to the writer of imagination, but by the good-humour of the reader.

As we shall constitute an audience to hear the stories of those who shall be brought before them, instead of the common divisions of books and chapters, we beg to be indulged in borrowing from the stage the name of scenes. In which we will not promise that every interruption shall always strictly or visibly require a change of scene,

scene; but may be sometimes made only in order to give the same respite as is given to the reader, by the common contrivance of chapters, as aforesaid. But besides the avoiding a worn-out practice, and the plea of variety, which we make for this our method (whose novelty perhaps may give offence rather than pleasure to some sort of critics) we cannot help flattering ourselves, that we shall be the better enabled by these means to give life and action to our history.

Altho' we have borrow'd from the stage the name of scenes, and generally its dialogue, yet have we kept the privilege of being our own chorus, in order not only to point out the behaviour of our actors, which for want of a real stage representation could sometimes not otherwise be understood; but to express or relate some things which are not proper to be spoken by our principal characters; or, according to the author of *Tom Jones*, to tell what we cannot prevail on any of our actors to tell our readers for us.

It

It must be allow'd that characters should be animated to gain our attention, and some degree of sympathy is necessary to raise a desire of our farther acquaintance with them. The motives to actions, and the inward turns of mind, seem in our opinion more necessary to be known than the actions themselves; and much rather would we chuse that our reader should clearly understand what our principal actors think, than what they do. To answer both these purposes, the method of making the principal character the speaker seems the best calculated; and the nearer things are brought to dramatic representation, the more are you acquainted with the personages, and interested in the event of the story. But whether this method be really the best or worst, let future critics decide, if they think it worth their notice. We can only declare, that we found it our easiest manner of conveying our thoughts and executing our purpose; and if our reader should be neither inform'd nor amused, we shall be very sorry for his loss of time as well as our own.

The

The reason of our affixing mottos to our various scenes, is in order to give a sanction to our own sentiments by those of the most approved authors.

Fully to exclude that pernicious interpretation on characteristic writings, namely, the fixing them down into personal libels, we beg to declare, that so far are we from using feign'd names to signify real persons, that we make use of the real names of *England, London, &c.* to signify the world; and our characters are intended to mean human nature in general.

But in all things whether we shall make only a due use of the liberties we have ask'd, is left entirely to the judicious reader to decide.

P R O-



PROLOGUE

TO

PART the FIRST.

IN the regions far above the reach or sight of mortality dwells sacred Truth. In eternal opposition to Truth, is blind and perplexing Error.

On the wings of Fancy, gentle readers, bear yourselves into the mid air, where by imagination you may form a large stupendous castle. Within is a magnificent and spacious hall; in which behold a large assembly, composed of all such tempers and dispositions as bear an inveterate hatred to Truth and Simplicity, and which are possess'd also with a strong desire of supporting Affectation and Fallacy:

Such

Such is ERROR and her NUMEROUS TRAIN.

To this assembly, when cloathed in mortal forms, we beg leave to give the general name of THE CRY: for although their whole hearts are fill'd with discord and diffension; yet whenever they meet with a common foe, they are generally unanimous.

THE CRY are indeed composed of all those characters in human nature, who, tho' differing from each other, join in one common clamour against Truth and her adherents. By bringing all such characters together, we would wish to dive into the bottom of their hearts, to shew what must be their sentiments, what the tendency of such sentiments, and how carefully they ought to be avoided.

To this assembly is brought (whether by magic, by enchantment, or what other means, let particular fancy dictate) a young lady call'd PORTIA, who relates the history of her own life and connexions: yet
not

not by a long recital without lett or hinderance; for such an audience as those before whom she speaks, are not likely to suffer such sentiments as our *Portia* will venture to avow, to pass undisputed.

THE CRY being form'd of a set of characters, whose principal view must be the exalting each themselves, and mortifying all others to the dust, our poor *Portia* would have too hard a task, unaided and friendless, to indure the insulting taunts and biting reproaches of such a multitude. We must again therefore, gentle reader, implore your assistance, and beg you to employ your fertile fancy in presenting to your view, placed on a seat high exalted from the croud, a radiant form, all mild, all gentle, yet possessing such a graceful majesty as is able at any time by a single word to awe the tumultuous CRY into silence.

Such is the force of SIMPLE TRUTH,

To

To this fair phantom of the imagination, arrayed in the same form of mortality as once before she deign'd to wear, when she accompany'd her favourite red-cross knight, and now condescends to give attention to our *Portia's* story, we beg to give the name of *UNA*; borrow'd, we confess, from our master *Spenser*, for this very good reason, that we could not possibly find any other name half so adequate to express our meaning.

As strongly different as light from darkness (or indeed as truth from error) is *UNA* from *THE CRY*. And to which party our *Portia*, or any other person brought before the same assembly, may be thought nearest allied, let their words and actions shew.

The passions as well as the sciences may be said to have their technical terms; and there are certain words, which, when they fall from the tongue, as plainly indicate the pride or envy of the heart, as doth a man's desiring you to *heave* that glass
across

across the table, inform you that he hath been walking the foremast deck. The characters which compose our CRY in this sense, if natural, must be known; yet not so as to indulge private spleen, or to gratify malice: for which reason, whenever there shall be occasion for making any distinction amongst them, we shall make use of names already known, such as *Clodio*, *Harpacia*, *Timandra*, or any other fictitious name that may chance to suit the speaker, which we chuse much rather than to say Mr.—Mrs.—or Miss—in order to avoid giving the least handle for the aspersing any living character: for scandal and invective are our utter abhorrence. We would therefore advise those readers (if any such there are) who think every thing dull which cannot be interpreted into one of those meanings, to let these scenes alone; for here they will find no food fit to please such a depraved palate.

That mortal errors are represented by allegorical persons, is still farther to drive off the possibility of malicious applications.

tions. That divine Truth is envelop'd in a mortal form, is to exculpate ourselves from the daring attempt of pretending to pronounce, what would be the decision of the Spirit of Truth.

As we ourselves are mortal, we pretend not to infallibility. We readily allow ourselves liable to be mistaken; yet we still claim this candour at the hand of our readers, that they condemn not any sentiment which is stamp'd by the approbation of our UNA, till they have thoroughly consider'd and given it a fair examination. For, be it remember'd, that we have not publish'd any such sentiment without having first ourselves carefully examined it on all sides: we expect not therefore from any judges, but such as our own CRY, a hasty censure, because our opinions may happen to appear new as to some particular points, which our readers may never before have thoroughly examined.

Our assembly being now form'd, not by ourselves, but by the good-will and
 2 spiritedly

spritely imagination of our readers, we have nothing to do but to draw up the curtain (our prologue being ended) and to discover our chief personage on the stage. And should any other happen to arrive, or should any of those present chuse to depart from the said stage, our reader shall not fail of due and proper notice of all such entries and exits.



1841
The resignation of our master, Mr.
John Smith, has been received. He
has been in the service of the
company for many years, and has
been very successful in his
conduct. It is regretted that
he should have been obliged to
resign, but it is hoped that
he will be able to find
employment elsewhere.

Yours faithfully,
J. B. Smith



PART the FIRST.

SCENE I.

*And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems —* MILTON.

PORTIA. UNA. THE CRY.

P O R T I A.

 ABOUT seven years ago, I became acquainted with a family, which from that time hath caused all my pains and all my pleasures. This family then consisted of an old gentleman named *Nicanor*, a son and daughter who were twins and lived with him, and an elder son, who, altho' he spent most of his time with them, lived in a separate house from his father and family.

I was introduced amongst them by a young lady named *Melantha*, and the account she gave me of their situation and circumstances was, that *Nicanor* the father had been a widower many years, that he had once a large fortune, but was now (by what means she knew not) so reduced that he lived on the bounty of his eldest son, who was the only one of his three children, that had preserved his fortune to be of use to his family. She highly extoll'd the generosity as well as the prudence of this eldest son, whose name was *Oliver*; adding, that he was a young gentleman of great learning and wisdom, and she doubted not but I should be very much pleased with his conversation. As to the youngest son named *Ferdinand*, and his Sister *Cordelia*, she allow'd them to be inoffensive and good-humour'd; but they were generally so reserved (she said) that she knew not well what to make of them: but for *Nicanor* himself, altho' he was the father of the family, yet had he sometimes more cheerfulness and entertain-

ment in his conversation than the youngest amongst them.

Her account of *Nicanor* I found to be in some measure true, at least on my first acquaintance with him: for when no outward accidents had chagrin'd his temper, or when the conversation turn'd not on subjects which stirr'd some rising passion; his great knowledge of the world both by reading and travels made him an exceeding entertaining and agreeable companion.

How just the character was which *Melantha* had given of the wise, the prudent, the generous *Oliver*, the course of my narrative will evince: but as to the twin sister of *Ferdinand*, whose name is *Cordelia*, a sympathy I had never felt before seized me, ere I had been long enough in the room to say I had conversed with her. She became my friend almost at first sight. For where there is a real strong sympathy in two minds, something will break out

on a very small acquaintance, which must create a reciprocal affection.

The Cry were now rising to a general clamour on *Portia's* last words, when she declared that the sentiment was taken out of *Telemachus*; and their respect for so approv'd an author as the archbishop of *Cambray*, for the present withheld their tongues; whilst *Portia* thus proceeded.

The truth of the foregoing observation I never much doubted; but strongly did I feel its force on my first acquaintance with *Cordelia*. Her gentleness of disposition, her modest manner of expressing the most noble sentiments, her warmth of heart, and open simplicity of behaviour, kindled at once in my breast such a friendly affection for her, that I could readily have open'd to her every secret thought of my heart; and, if necessity had required it, could willingly have trusted her with the disposal of my life and fortune.

Altho'

Altho' the *Cry* chose not openly to contradict a sentiment stamp'd by the seal of so great a man as the archbishop of *Cambray*; yet when *Portia* acting in consequence of believing the truth of such a sentiment had adopted it by her practice, they could no longer refrain from breaking forth into astonishment at her folly, as they call'd it, that she could without examination or tryal admit into so close a connexion as that of friendship, a person with whom she had not above an hour's acquaintance. Then did they strive with emulation who should repeat most wise maxims, importing the necessity of suspicion in the choice of our friends — such as — *mistrust is the mother of security*, with many more to the same effect. And for all such maxims they express'd the highest regard and veneration. But notwithstanding the esteem which they profess'd for suspicion, yet did they think proper to veil it under the name of caution.

The veil was too thin to deceive *Portia*, and as soon as she could be heard, thus she answer'd.

Altho' I honour true maxims of morality as much as any one; yet have I always despised those prudential laws, which should rather be call'd the rules of cunning, too much to take them for my guides. And I believe that infamous saying, "That it is the part of wisdom to live always with a friend, as if he (was one day to become an enemy," was, (as an ingenious author says on another occasion) the devil's favourite maxim when he was last on earth: for bring it into day-light and strip off its borrow'd mask of wisdom, and the plain *English* is neither more nor less than this: that you are justified in attaining all the advantages of friendship you can get from others, and are at the same time commanded not to be a real friend to any human creature. Such maxims serve well the purpose of men incapable of the least degree of reciprocal

procal affection, and who by craft and deceit inveigle the open-hearted into acts of friendship, and then consider them as meer dupes to their superior wisdom. By which name they dignify their own cunning, and cover over the corruption of their hearts. Such persons are sure to follow our Saviour's advice, in having the wisdom of the serpent, but drop the more essential part, the innocence of the dove. When characters of this kind force themselves on my thoughts, I want to banish the word *friendship* from common use, that I may never more be a witness of its being thus prostituted: but when I turn my thoughts on my *Cordelia*, I would recall the banish'd word, and cherish every pleasing image that can attend a reciprocal affection.

The Cry, notwithstanding *Portia*'s answer, still persisted in it, that the observance of cautious and prudent maxims, was the only security against becoming a dupe; when *Portia* thus proceeded.

The terror mankind imbibe of being made dupes, is the bane of society, the destruction of all friendship, and oftentimes the cause of those very misfortunes, which they would most wish to avoid. Even in the compass of my small acquaintance, many are the instances I have observed of the greatest misfortunes arising from this evil root. I knew one young lady, whose kind parents had provided for her a husband, whom they very judiciously approved. But so far did they carry their indulgence to their daughter *Julia* (for that was her name) that they would not suffer a formal proposal to be made to her, knowing the averseness of young girls to such kind of formalities, and the pleasure they take in a personal particular address. They therefore invited their intended son-in-law to their country seat, in order to give him an opportunity of gaining by degrees their daughter's love. The young gentleman had an agreeable address, and *Julia* was galloping on in the road of being most violently in love with him. As she knew not whether her father

or

or mother would give a sanction to her choice, and as she rather imagined according to general observation that they would not, (for she was an only child, the heiress to a large fortune, and her lover a young gentleman, whose real merit was his only wealth) there was an air of intrigue in her love which greatly pleased her, and her passion daily increased so violently, that had she met with any opposition, she would undoubtedly have taken the advantage of the first dark night to have flown out of the window, from her cruel parents to her admiring lover. But *Julia* unluckily one day overheard her fond father and mother exulting in the success of their stratagem, and pleasing themselves with the prospect of their *Julia's* future happiness, with a young man whom they had chosen for his real merit to be their son-in-law; and from the moment she had discover'd, that the object of her passion was first the object of her parents choice, and that he was invited by her father for the very purpose which had fallen out, all her fancy'd love immediately fled, and she was obstinately
 ben

bent against being thus *duped* into her own happiness. She lived unmarried till her parents died, and then became the prey of a common *Irish* fortune-hunter, who duped her out of all her money, ran away into his own country with a girl who lived with her as a servant; and the last I heard of her is, that she lives a wretched neglected wife, with no other support but what arises from the generous friendship of her first lover, whom she refused for fear of being duped by her parents, and who makes the best of husbands to a woman of three times *Julia's* fortune that married him for love. Nor less deplorable is the fate of another girl that I knew, who ran into the irrevocable chains of matrimony, with a man disagreeable both in person and manners, whose temper was morose, and whose disposition was cruel and tyrannical: yet into the power of this man did she put herself for life, only because her elder sister advised her against the match; and she therefore fancy'd that her sister had a mind to dupe her out of such a valuable husband.

band. But instances of the miserable consequences which attend this false fear, and which must have fallen under every one's observation, who hath got this key to the human mind, would be endless in the repetition. It is this which makes those domestic politicians, who are filling their brains with continual suspicions and stratagems about nothing; who are a curse to every family in which they are to be found; who are the most mischievous, and I believe in their own hearts the most miserable of all beings. They can enjoy no pleasure for fear their friends and acquaintance should have lain some traps to deceive and gull them. The timorous hare doth not exceed them in fear, altho' she doth in wisdom; for the number of her foes justifies her terrors: but these voluntary seekers of objects of fear, may generally find their only enemy at home; and like *Swift's* fat man in the croud, if they could remove themselves from the number of those imaginary enemies which they complain of, they would find the whole croud dwindled into nothing. But

I shall always esteem it as a greater effect of true wisdom, to suffer myself to be duped by a great variety of my acquaintance, than to fix myself down as a constant dupe to my own unnecessary anxieties. Nothing indeed to me could be so terrible, as to spend my life continually haunted with ghosts, form'd by my own capricious imagination : for whatever enemies I find without, I will always endeavour not to cherish one in my own bosom.

No such fears, no such suspicions could prevent my having an unreserved, an unbounded confidence in the friendship of *Cordelia*. Whatever pleasures I meet with in life, how do I rejoice in communicating them to her friendly bosom ! Sorrows in her absence never come with all their poignancy, as their sharpness must be abated by the reflexion she escapes them : for that use of a friend, the only one that seems to be commonly learnt, namely the power of making somebody else as miserable as ourselves, I have never yet experienced. May my pleasures ever be enlarged by communication,
and

and my griefs lessened by a consciousness, that my friends, by being ignorant of them, avoid all their pains. To conceal what might be displeasing to her, is the only reserve my heart ever felt towards *Cordelia*; and when my whole soul is open, and my words with an unreserved and joyous confidence, fearlessly express the very inmost thoughts of my heart, how do I pity those who assuming the name of friends, surround themselves with maxims, importing the wisdom of doubt and suspicion, till they impose on themselves that very hard task of labouring through life, without ever knowing a human creature to whom they can make the proper use of language, and freely speak the dictates of their hearts! This is voluntarily moving in continual chains, for fear of they know not what, they know not whom: this is miser-like to give up every convenience, every joy in life, from a cowardly fear of inconveniences that may never come; and if they should come, to bear them once is not half the pain as is the living in continual dread of them.

them. Truly does *Lillo*, in his *Fatal' Curiosity*, make *Eustace* say,

*The wretch who fears all that is possible,
Must suffer more than he who feels the worst
A man can feel, who lives exempt from fear.*

For to be ten times deceiv'd (painful as it is) doth not to me carry half the horror with it, as the forming a fix'd opinion, that in my passage through this Life I am doom'd to an impossibility of conversing with any sort of creatures, but beasts of prey, tigers, wolves, and foxes, who are ever laying in wait to destroy me. To consider myself as in a continual state of war, and to employ all my time in forming stratagems to escape the wiles of my supposed adversaries, suits so little with my disposition, that should I be so unfortunate as to live long enough to find, that not one amongst the human race will confer on me that greatest of all favours, the suffering me to esteem and love them, I must quit mankind, and lead the life of a hermit: for to be always studying what
words

words I may utter, or what I must stifle; in short, according to the vulgar proverb, to be afraid to say my very soul is my own, for fear somebody should lay a plot to rob me of it, is too painful a task for me ever to undertake; and I had rather stand the worst consequence which can attend the freely energizing the affections of my heart, than bear such an intolerable burthen.

The *Cry*, during the time that *Portia* had been declaring her sentiments of friendship, had undergone a various change of countenance. Sometimes their looks indicated an insipid inattention, and then would they gape and stare as if they were asking each other the meaning of all the nonsense, as they pleased to term it, which *Portia* had been talking. At other times, when their favourite sentiments were contradicted, their eyes lower'd with angry frowns; but on *Portia's* declaring that she would stand the consequence of any deception, rather than bear the chains of suspicion, their angry frowns were gone, invidious

vidious sneers play'd about their mouths, and they began to whisper to each other, that "the creature would be a dupe all the days of her life; but that their good-nature should not carry them so far as to endeavour to undeceive a person so conceited of her own opinion, as in their judgments they pronounced our *Portia*."

For it is the common language of the *Cry*, to pity themselves for the excess of their own good-nature, which they generally declare to be the cause of every misfortune that attends them.

The countenance of *Una* was a perfect contrast to that of the whole *Cry*; a languid softness damp'd the lustre of her eyes, at the image of the miseries which the suspicious feel; but they shone with all their brightness at *Portia's* description of the joyous confidence she placed in her *Cordelia*.

The

The pleasure *Una* receives, whenever she hath an opportunity of approving, now visibly appear'd in the dimpled smiles that play'd about her mouth; and as *Una* delights in approving, so did *Portia* no less delight in her approbation; and thus encouraged, proceeded in laying open her heart, by the declaration of her sentiments, and by a relation of her past life.

The whisper of the Cry, that *Portia* would be a dupe, was not design'd by them to be so low as to be conceal'd from her ears; and the scorn which was visible in their countenances, shew'd that they desired not to conceal their opinion: thus therefore she address'd them.

'Tis not the love of friendship, but an earnest desire after flattery, which lays the human mind open to deception. This love of flattery is so gross in its desires, that it will (as *Shakespeare* says) leave a coelestial bed to pray on garbage. There is an innocence of mind that delights in friendship,
which,

which, far from perverting, makes the judgment exert itself, and is therefore very little liable to be deceiv'd : but when fulsome flattery is once become the sweetest of all food to the mental palate, whoever brings such an agreeable repast, will be received with open arms, and a league of fancied friendship will immediately be sign'd. 'Tis such a perversion of the judgment, such a desire of applause, without the trouble of deserving it, that forms those connexions, which hath often made all friendship appear as a crafty contest for imposition, hath brought the very name into disgrace, and render'd the supposition of a true and disinterested friendship, to be only the chimæra of a warm imagination. But whilst you, O ye *Cry*, enjoy a fancy'd ridicule on my sentiments, and please yourselves with the thought that I shall be duped by whoever hath a mind to impose on me, 'tis you yourselves who will be the easiest imposed on by any language best suited to gratify your vanity, and to increase your coveted good opinion of yourselves.

The Cry now left their sneering; for there was a sort of detection in *Portia's* words, which, as they could not answer, excited their anger, and they all at once loudly declared, that *Portia* had accused them and all mankind of being fond of flattery. For the affirmation that all mankind in general are condemn'd, when any particular vice or affectation is blamed, is one of the favourite outcries of this assembly. Nor did they stop at their accusation of *Portia's* having reflected on all mankind for their fondness to flattery; but they added, that she had at the same time boasted, that no flattery whatever could be pleasing to herself; as if she alone was exempt from every human frailty.

Portia, conscious that she had thrown out no such accusation against mankind, but had only blamed the indulgence of a love of flattery, where it might happen to be found; and certain also, that she had not given the least hint of being exempt from
any

any of the frailties of her species, made them
no sort of answer.

And the *Cry*, glad that their false asser-
tions, and malicious representations, were
not forced into an examination, held their
peace, and suffer'd *Portia* thus to pro-
ceed.



SCENE

SCENE II.

*The very truth I undisguis'd declare :
For what so easy as to be sincere ?*

HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

PORTIA. UNA. THE CRY.

P O R T I A

 Think I have mention'd all
Nicanor's family, but his young-
er son *Ferdinand*, the twin brother
of *Cordelia* — Ob for a muse
of fire to ascend the brightest heaven of
invention, that I might in terms adequate
to the noble subject depict his character,
speak his virtues, and sing his praises !

The Cry now in language suitable to ac-
cost a spectre, clamor'd forth, — Avaunt,
avaunt ; we spy

A faultless monster, that the world ne'er saw.

Portia.

Portia. I once knew a man, to my sorrow be it remember'd, whose vices the tongues of men or of dæmons could not paint. He possess'd not so much as the shadow of one virtue; his heart was the lowest sink of corruption; and from his lips flow'd nothing but malignant venom.

The *Cry* now changed their averted countenances, hung on *Portia's* words with attention, and seem'd impatient for the remaining part of the character of the *faulty* monster she had begun to describe. When instead of proceeding, she cast an intelligent smile on *Una*; who perceiving her meaning, bad her go on with her account of *Ferdinand*; and the *Cry*, inwardly stung with being thus detected in their love of detraction, and hatred to just praise; awed also by the permission granted by *Una* for *Portia* to continue her description of *Ferdinand*, shrunk into themselves, nor for the present express'd their inward rage, otherwise than by sparks of fury darting from their eyes.

Portia.

Portia.

Portia. Thoroughly to make your hearers sensible of the true character of any person, with whom you would bring them acquainted, it is necessary to declare their actions; and by these alone will this assembly hereafter be enabled to judge, whether I exceed the truth, when I say that *Ferdinand*, on as short an acquaintance as with his sister, appear'd to me to possess an uncommon strength of capacity, and a superlative goodness of heart, which shone forth in every word he utter'd: for, when in the freedom and good-humour of his heart, he diffuses cheerful mirth around him, it would not be improper to say, that he is in possession of the whole force of true and lively humour. He hath the command of every species of wit, humour, or pleasantry, that can be named or invented; yet doth he not so worship it, because it is his own, as ever to exult in his visible superiority over all his companions. His learning, his knowledge of human nature, his deep reflexions on every thing that claims the name of science, renders him no less an acceptable companion amongst his grave

acquaintance. His affability, his polite behaviour, his agreeable address——

Here *Portia* was interrupted by a general laugh from the *Cry*, nor could she guess the occasion of it, till one of them as soon as she could find her breath, in an ironical tone of voice cry'd out. “ You are not
“ warm'd at all, *Portia*, by your description of *Ferdinand*.”

Yes I am, replied *Portia*, and it would be a false shame in me to endeavour to deny, that my heart is truly warm'd with such a character. My acquaintance with *Ferdinand* hath ever been my pleasure, and it was my glory to have that esteem for him which he so justly deserved.

The *Cry* were all baffled and disappointed by *Portia*'s answer; for they hoped that they had discover'd a secret which she would have wish'd to have conceal'd.

I confess, continued *Portia*, my love for *Ferdinand*, yet never was I conscious of being in love with him, according to the
common

common acceptation of that much-abused word. For at any time, had his interest or pleasure demanded such a sacrifice, rather than have been his burthen or vexation, I could have submitted never to have beheld him again, nor should he ever have been teased and tired with my repinings or complaints. It would, I confess, be the highest joy of my life, to know myself instrumental to his happiness; but was that deny'd me, all I could do would be to take care that by my behaviour I became not the cause his misery. Was the man I love even to marry another woman, so far should I be from endeavouring to injure that woman, that I could not be inspired with the least degree of hatred towards the real object of his choice, and perhaps the cause of his happiness.

The Cry could hold no longer, but from every mouth burst forth — Was ever heard such romantic stuff? such affectation! such refinement! with many other abusive words of the same import; concluding at last in full chorus, that *Portia*

had positively declared, that she should be better pleased to have her lover marry any other woman than herself.

Portia. It is not in the power of the most labour'd eloquence, fairly to extort such a conclusion from my words, as that I should be better, or even as well pleased, with *Ferdinand's* making choice of another woman. I said only, and still declare, that his wife could not be the object of my hatred, nor could I rejoice in any misfortunes that might attend the man for whom I have an affection. Such wresting false conclusions from plain and simple expressions is your refuge, O ye foolish Cry, from beholding truth. Was the man I love to chuse another woman, I might indeed be grieved for the disappointment of my love, but I could not be angry that he had exerted his undoubted right of chusing for himself. And however we may deceive ourselves by prostituting that poor injured word *love* ; yet is it really pride piqued, and not love disappointed, that causes that resentment and rage which often produces the

the most tragical events. Is any woman enraged with her lover because he dies? her disappointment in that case produces a grief unmix'd with anger: for, whilst she is spared the mortifying reflexion that another is prefer'd before her, let her love be ever so violent, there will be no rage, no fury is join'd with her affliction. Wherever, therefore, those boisterous passions exert themselves, we must look for some other cause besides mere love, or we shall be highly deceived in our judgments. Fury and love, I will venture to affirm, never inhabited the same breast towards the same object; and whenever we fancy they meet, let us but examine them a little nearer, and we shall easily distinguish pride piqued from disappointed love.

The supposition, that it was possible for any woman to be so mean-spirited, as not at least to wish to tear out her rival's eyes, was too hard for the digestion of the *Cry*: but on *Portia's* having confess'd herself that mean-spirited creature, they laugh'd and sneer'd to express their contempt; and said, that undoubtedly *Ferdinand*, if he was

a man of any spirit, would be mightily pleased to hear his mistress so tamely giving him up; he would think himself under great obligations to *Portia*, for her fantastic generosity; he would thank her highly for her disinterested love, in desiring him to marry another woman!

Portia. Why, O ye Cry, do you by leaving out my words, and putting in your own, entirely change my meaning? I said not any thing like what you have represented. I say, I wish my lover happy, and would therefore suppress any thoughts in my own bosom, rather than teaze and make him uneasy. As to his thanks indeed I never thought of any such thing; 'tis his *happiness*, and not his *thanks*, that I desire. And you are much deceived, if you imagine that a lover's not thinking himself obliged to me would give me the least uneasiness. The word *obligation* is very seldom in my thoughts, and consequently very seldom is it utter'd by my tongue; for I am satisfied, that whoever hath the word obligation continually in his mouth, hath the love of tyranny steadily fixt in his heart. Whatever
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wherein the two words *obligation* and *gratitude* were to be found. Yet was it a subject which set them a quarrelling amongst themselves, too much to suffer them to attempt giving any answer to *Portia*. One would have *gratitude* to mean one thing; another would put it in a quite different shape; a third would make it something between the other two, and so of all the rest. Their eager arguments and jarring discords would have had no end, unless they had hit on a point in which they could all join against *Portia*; and this was no other than affirming, that her last words contain'd a panegyric on *ingratitude*, from whence they pronounced her to be the most ungrateful creature in the world; then resuming the subject of love, they put a question to her, which they thought it impossible for her to answer, namely, whether she could retain any affection or regard for a deceitful villain? for such they said must be the man she loved, if he was to marry another woman.

Portia made not a ready answer to their question; because she really at first understood

stood not their meaning, which threw the *Cry* into such a transport of joy, as thinking they had entirely silenced their enemy, that with a sort of shout they repeated their question by the mouth of a female orator in the following terms. — How is it possible for a woman to have any affection for a man, who after having made love to her, should then be so base as to marry another woman?

This must be the case, said another female voice from a different part of the *Cry*; for 'tis out of nature to make so absurd a supposition, as that any woman of either modesty or spirit, could be in love with a man before he had used every art of persuasion to insinuate himself into her affections, and before he had absolutely made love to her.

Portia. I don't know what is meant by making love, unless it implies feigning it. And I am certain a man could no more persuade me to bestow on him my affections, unless he could prove himself the ob-

ject of love, than he could persuade me so much out of my senses, as to acknowledge him to be a giant, whilst my eyes are every minute convinced that he is of the common size of mortals. If you mean by the necessity of being persuaded to love, that you can have no regard for a lover, till he hath repeated over a certain number of flattering speeches; I differ so far from you in opinion, that nothing could render a man so detestable in my eyes, as thus to treat me like an idiot. The woman who insists on such persuasion, is not aware of the consequence. She knows not perhaps that 'tis the flattery itself which gains her heart; and every man or monkey, who can learn and repeat his lesson by rote, has it in his power, whenever he pleases, to make himself the object of what she calls her affections.

The *Cry*, who were in hopes by their question to have ensnared *Portia* into confusion and perplexity, and to have put her to shame before *Una* (whom they pretended to admire, and would fain have persuaded

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ed to prefer them to *Portia*) were so vex'd at her answer, and so enraged at the least hint, that by the insisting on this kind of courtship they were most easily to be gain'd, that they were at a loss for adequate terms in which to vent their anger. They twisted and wrested *Portia*'s words into a thousand different meanings, which she never so much as thought of; they repeated their whole catalogue of abusive terms, which they always keep ready to fly to, when any the least ray of truth strikes on their eyes, and concluded with a general declaration, that they believed such romantic stuff as fill'd the head of *Portia*, was never before thought of by any human creature.

Portia then ask'd the *Cry*, what idea they had fix'd to the word *romantic*; but instead of answering her question, they each fell to jogging their next neighbour, and softly whisper'd, — Do you answer her—No, you answer her, says another; and so on to the third, fourth, &c. throughout the whole assembly.

Portia

Portia then declared, that if they would not answer her question, she was very ready to tell them in what sense she thought a woman might properly be call'd romantic; for (continued she) I hate to suffer any word which implies ridicule to pass indefinite, and to be left at large to be apply'd at pleasure.

The application of the word *romantic*, as we now generally use it, took its rise from the great love young girls formerly had to reading those voluminous romances, in which the heroine is represented as thinking it the highest breach of modesty to give the least hint of having one favourable sentiment for her lover, till he hath passed many years of probation, and given innumerable proofs of being capable of adoring his mistress even to madness. The poor deluded readers of such romances, who thought it a fine thing to imitate these exalted heroines, and expected of their lovers such service and adoration, were very properly ridiculed by the name of romantic, and 'tis no more than

an act of kindness to laugh them out of such absurdities: but whether I have said any thing which can justify the application of that word to my sentiments, let *Una* be the judge.

The *Cry* too well knew what would be the opinion of *Una*, to stand to her decision; they admitted not therefore of the appeal, but boldly asserted that they were too certain of their own opinions, to stand by the judgment of any other.

Una gave her approbation to *Portia* by a look, which she very well understood; and silence being made amongst the *Cry*, she thus proceeded in her discourse.

SCENE



S C E N E III.

— *Nam qui cupiet, metuet quoque.* HOR.

PORTIA. UNA. THE CRY.

P O R T I A.

 OMEN by thus insisting on it, that they will be persuaded to love, lead their whole lives in expectation, which makes them continually liable to the vexation of a disappointment. Little miss is taught by her mamma, that she must never speak before she is spoken to. On this she sits bridling up her head, looking from one to the other, in hopes of being call'd to and address'd by the name of pretty miss, and of being ask'd some questions, for which her nursery maid perhaps hath furnish'd her with a smart answer : but if this should not happen, and no one should take any notice of her,

her, she is ready to cry at the neglect : but should there be another miss in the room carefs'd and taken notice of, whilst she is thus over-look'd, it will be impossible for her to contain her tears ; and blubbering is the word.

When the white frock is laid aside, the bigger miss seats herself in public at a ball, expecting every moment to be chosen by some man for a partner for that evening. If she is baulk'd, what galling disappointment doth she feel within ! Her heart is ready to burst with envy, at all those who are so happy as to be taken out ; and she hath, I confess, sometimes a hard task to support the insolent questions of her friends, who will not fail to ask her “ why she is not one amongst the dancers ? whether she loves dancing, or “ whether she is not well ? ” She is put to the utmost shifts for answers to these questions ; sometimes she says she does not chuse dancing to-night, 'tis so excessive hot. — If she is not quite out of hope, she will say her partner is not yet come ; but her general excuse is, “ that her head aches, and she is
“ very

“not very well.” Should she happen luckily to be relieved from this most deplorable distress, by the entrance of a man of fashion, who should ask her to dance, her sickness is fled; she is in as high spirits as any amongst them. Should her partner also chance to be the man most generally liked in the room, the outward tosses of her person sufficiently indicate the inward triumph of her mind. But a few of these triumphs are but a very small recompence for the rancour she so often feels (unless she is at the head of beauty’s train) at having her expectations baulk’d: and if miss would come to the ball with a simple mind without highly raising her expectations, if she would confess that she should like to dance, if she was ask’d, and was not ashamed of being overlook’d, the stings of neglect would lose their poignancy, and by finding out that grand secret of keeping her mind independent, she would sometimes be greatly pleased at a ball; but never greatly mortified: she might not, ’tis true, if she indulged not the spirit of insult, ever experience the lying all night awake in rapturous

rapturous reflexions on an evening's triumph, but many a night would she spare herself the torment arising from gnawing discontent, and bedewing her pillow with tears of rage and vexation for her disappointment.

The same expectation of being chosen out as a partner for life, continues from miss of fifteen, to miss of — and if no such partner offers, full as many excuses are found out to cover over the dreadful appearance of being neglected as miss made use of at the ball. The girl who is baulk'd of a partner for one evening, vents her vexation, and renews her hopes against another; but the woman who is continually expecting great offers of marriage, which may never happen, knows not when to give up her expectations. This is, I believe, a very good account for the peevishness of old maids; and the old maid who is not peevish, plainly proves that she hath led no such life, nor been accusom'd to frequent disappointments.

The

The *Cry* had a great mind to have thrown out some trite joke at old maids ; but as they could not make themselves believe, that *Portia* was likely to be in that number, it was so small a gratification of their spleen, it was not worth indulging ; and thus *Portia* proceeded.

But supposing none of these baulks and disappointments to happen, and miss in due time should receive the expected address. According to your notion, O ye *Cry*, of making love, or prevailing with a young woman to yield her affections to persuasion, I will draw you a picture, or tell you a story (call it which you please) of a young gentleman paying his court to a young lady in the way you mention.

Behold my young lady the morning of that day in which she is to receive her lover in the afternoon, I mean the man who hath already enter'd on some few of those speeches he is condemn'd to make, before he obtains any mark of her favour. The first part of the day is spent in the consideration

consideration of the manner, in which she may best adorn herself to please her worshipper. This is perform'd with both cost and care, and *Betty* is alternately praised or chid, abused for being awkward, or commended for being handy, just as her own looks, or the remembrance of her lover's last behaviour, depresses or elates her vanity. Every ribbon, every flower is chosen, and placed where it is thought most becoming; yet she goes not into high dress, but appears rather careless, for fear she should be suspected by her lover of having a design to appear agreeable in his eyes. When she is dress'd, behold her still sitting at her glass, repeating poems or speeches out of plays, such as follow,

*If on her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.*

Or perhaps these,

*My life! my soul! my all that heav'n can give!
Death's life with thee, without thee death to live.*

Not

Not that she hath any intention or inclination to speak those lines to any creature living, or really in the least feels that she knows any man, whom she cannot very well live and breathe without: but her imagination is anticipating the part *Philander* is to perform, and she is repeating the language which she hopes to hear him utter.

This young lady had taken a great fancy to shell-work, and was indulging that fancy by forming a little grotto at the end of the garden. She had always just finish'd something new whenever *Philander* paid his visits, and willing to entertain him with the sight of this agreeable grotto, thither she leads him.

And now behold the goddess seated on her throne, the work of her own fair hands, fill'd with the imagination of her own charms, receiving the adulation of her worshipper. *Philander* profusely pours forth his angels and his goddesses; makes himself the humblest of her slaves; petitions
at

at the shrine of her altar for some distant hint of her favour, which by small degrees she grants him, 'till his task is done, 'till his number of flattering speeches are run out; and when the weather-glass of the lady's vanity is swell'd to the top, then is she persuaded into what she calls a rational affection. For she could not be *mean* enough to like a man before he had made use of such persuasion: but now is she perfectly satisfied to be most violently in love with him, and from that day forward, admits it reasonable to set no bounds to her fondness.

From the time that *Portia* began to describe the goddess on her throne, with her adoring lover at her feet, a sympathizing pleasure overspread the countenances of the female part of the *Cry*: but when she dropp'd the description and was proceeding with her own observations, their brows were again knit into their usual discontent, and *Portia* thus went on.

Strange

Strange absurdity ! Strange language this of angel and of goddeſs ! An adulation, which tranſlated into plain *Engliſh*, means no more than an addreſs of the following kind. “ Madam, I like you (no matter
 “ whether from fortune, perſon, or any
 “ other motive) and it will conduce much to
 “ my pleaſure and convenience, if you will
 “ become my wife : that is, if you will bind
 “ yourſelf before God and man to obey my
 “ commands as long as I ſhall live. And
 “ ſhould you after marriage be forgetful of
 “ your duty, you will then have given me a
 “ legal power of exacting as rigid a perform-
 “ ance of it as I pleaſe.” But, as the adula-
 ting language is not thus tranſlated ’till the
 ceremony of marriage is paſt, and is ’till
 then perfectly unintelligible ; ’tis no won-
 der that the poor woman, who hath been
 thus egregiouſly impoſed on, (or rather
 who hath ſo egregiouſly impoſed on herſelf)
 ſhould find it ſo difficult a language to learn ;
 and very naturally will all her fancy’d love,
 which had no better a foundation than mo-
 mentary flattery, when that ceases, fall to
 the ground. What a curſe, under ſuch
 circumſtances,

circumstances, must attend a domestic life ! The company of strangers, who are more likely to please her ears with some of her darling sounds, must be to such a wife her best relief from the dull company of her husband. Dull only will be the company of her husband, while he is indifferent to her ; but she will not long stop here : for vanity disappointed, will always find an enemy on whom to bestow the utmost hatred and dislike ; and the woman who hath been thus entangled in her own snares, will generally find that enemy in the person of her husband. As from him, when her lover, arose all her pleasure ; so from him now flows all her disappointment. She will grow sour, and morose ; every thing in her husband's house will become hateful to her sight. No indulgence on his side, (should he be willing to be an indulgent husband) can compensate the loss of adoration. She will not confess, even to herself, her own inferiority, enough to understand the language of indulgence, nor will she deign to accept it. The heart that is puffed up, and swelling with vanity, can

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never be fitted to receive real kindness, nor knows to beat with pleasure from gratitude, for gentle treatment. But I think a more ridiculous instance of female vanity cannot well be discovered, than that of a woman boasting that she scorns to love, without being persuaded, (that is, flattered out of her affections;) when by these means she robs herself of her greatest privilege, that of distinction and choice. She boasts of demanding to be used with insolence and contempt: she lays snares to entrap herself, and makes herself liable (as she insists on deceit) to fall to the share of the most worthless of mankind.

The female part of the *Cry* were so dull and melancholy, on *Portia's* mentioning a domestic life, that altho' they had many flying notions wandering in their brains, which they thought amounted to a proof of the absurdity of her sentiments, yet had they not spirit enough to contradict her: and as there were no men in that assembly, who durst avow the truth of *Portia's* translation of the adulating language, for fear
of

of losing a mistress, or offending a wife, she met with neither approbation nor opposition, and without interruption thus proceeded.

Flattery in courtship is the highest insolence; for whilst it pretends to bestow on you more than you deserve, it is watching an opportunity to take from you what you really have. The bestower of it is laughing to think what a ridiculous figure you will make, when like the fox in the fable, he hath, by sounding your praises, robb'd you of your treasure; and you are indeed in a worse situation than the deluded crow, who only lost her piece of cheese; for you are fix'd for life the slave of your deluder.

The *Cry* now a little roused themselves from their lethargy, and affirm'd, that *Portia* from her discourse had intimated, that it was in no man's power to recommend himself to her favour; that her liking, if she could have any, (which indeed they scarcely allow'd, for they pronounc'd her totally incapable of that love, to which they

join'd the epithets of generous and noble) must depend on caprice, and not on the merit of her lover ; that she was above being courted, and in short, that she was the proudest of all her kind.

If the reader should chance to remember, that *Spenser*, in his allegory of the *house of pride*, makes all those who are enlisted in that numerous train, the most ready to complain of the pride of their leader ; it may not appear strange, that the *Cry* should on all occasions be no less prompt to accuse others of a vice, to which they themselves are most prone.

The *Cry's* last charge against *Portia* was too complicated for her to give an answer to every particular ; but how true it was that no man could recommend himself to *Portia* by his merit, her following discourse will shew.

SCENE



SCENE IV.

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.

HOR.

PORTIA. UNA. THE CRY.

P O R T I A.

THE common flattering language of courtship, I will be bold to affirm, is not calculated (even if flowing from the mouth of *Ferdinand*) to gain my esteem: nor could my imagination form a more serious affliction, than finding myself so much the object of his contempt, as to be treated by him in that manner. [*Here Portia deeply sigh'd.*] I have already confess'd the sincerest love for *Ferdinand*; to discover him therefore to be unworthy my

E 2 regard,

regard, is the only point which could touch my soul with sorrow: for as my love for him had no other foundation than thinking he deserved it better than the rest of mankind; the knowing him guilty of any action that would rob me of that thought, must rob me of my love.

Never, O ye Cry, by the methods you would delight in, could *Ferdinand* have persuaded me to love him: but often hath he raised himself in my esteem, when I believe I have not been in his thoughts, and when he hath been addressing his conversation to some other part of the company; and in this sense (and no other) often might he be said strongly to make love to me.

I remember one evening, a gentleman told a story of a young woman formerly his acquaintance, and equal in station to himself, who was fallen into unavoidable distress by the loss of her parents; she had three little sisters, whom it was her earnest desire to support, but wanting the means,

means, she ask'd this her friend what measures would be most proper for her to take; and he closed his story with saying, that he advis'd her immediately to go to service. The gentleman related this his advice to her with so much indifference, as plainly prov'd he was untouch'd with the poor girl's distress; nor fail'd to throw forth some of those common reflexions made upon the unhappy, whether deserving or undeserving of such censure; namely, "that
 " pride and laziness make people a bur-
 " then to their friends, and that 'tis every
 " one's duty to submit to their station, &c. But *Ferdinand* so humanely deplored the unhappy circumstances of a young creature born and bred in affluence, and now reduced to the necessity of undergoing the taunts and insults of her former companions; he with so deep a penetration and clear distinction ran through the several specious methods of veiling the want of generosity, and a stubborn hardness of heart, under pretended prudence and friendly advice; at the same time speaking his sense of the poor girl's distress, in language which must flow

from so feeling a heart; that for an hour together he made love to me, without his knowing any thing of the matter; and from seeing him thus capable of being touch'd with afflictions, in which he was no personal sufferer, I could not but think how happy must that woman be, who is beloved by a heart susceptible of such true kindness!

Another evening *Ferdinand*, by his behaviour, convinced me that his humanity and compassion for the distress'd, was in his practice, as well as in his discourse; and he made love to me for two or three hours, more by his manner of treating a lady who was fallen into great indigence, although her extraction was from an honourable stock, and her living relations enjoy'd themselves in plenty. Fortune at that time denied to *Ferdinand* the least means of exerting the natural munificence of his disposition; but it chanced to be in his power to do this unfortunate lady, by his assiduity and recommendation, a signal piece of service; and when I have said it was in his power, to say he used that power
would

would be unnecessary. The lady was pretty far advanced in years, and in her youthful days had lived what is call'd at the top of life. Whether from a good understanding, and a happiness of disposition, this lady was always chearful under her misfortunes; whether the treatment she met with from *Ferdinand* and *Cordelia* had raised her spirits, or whether she had discernment enough to see, that so kind a heart as was in the breast of *Ferdinand* wanted not to be moved by lamentations, tears, and complainings, (for something less than a widow and four small children could move his compassion) I know not; but I never spent a more agreeable evening in my life. By the lady's behaviour I should never have guess'd, had it not afterwards been told me by *Cordelia*, that she was a woman reduced to the lowest distress of circumstances; and by *Ferdinand's* treatment of her, it appear'd much more likely that she had visited him with the power and the design of conferring some great favour on him, than that she was a petitioner for his assistance. That the behaviour of

Ferdinand, and not a set of frothy words, should gain my affection, was so very agreeable to my disposition, that every new instance of his being deservedly the object of my esteem, fill'd me with inexpressible pleasure.

Another way which *Ferdinand* had of making love to me, altho' I dare say very undesignedly, was by being ready at all times to give me information concerning any thing, in which I had a curiosity to be inform'd.

Oh! now our love of knowledge is going to be display'd, whisper'd the *Cry*, at the same time nodding their heads at each other.

Portia. I dare ask *Ferdinand* for information, which odd as it may appear to say so, is no such easy thing to do by most of one's acquaintance; and with truth can I declare, that I have long remain'd ignorant of many things, from the fear of asking any questions. Not out of any dread of shewing my

my own ignorance, but from the impossibility I generally find of getting a direct answer. I will tell you a short story to illustrate my meaning. Having once an intention to go from *London* to *Twickenham* by water, I ask'd a gentleman if he knew what time the tide would serve the next day for that purpose. When instead of giving me the information I wanted, the gentleman began a long discourse upon tides. He talk'd of their nature, their use ; of the influence of the moon ; quoted all the books that had ever mention'd the word *tide*, and displayed his knowledge of all the various systems concerning so surprizing a phænomenon, till he lost himself in the multiplicity of his own words, confounded my attention, and left me full as ignorant as before he had utter'd one syllable. However, I found he had answer'd his own purpose, altho' he was not the nearer answering mine ; for I easily perceived that his intention was, to present himself with the agreeable image of his being a teacher, whilst my information or instruction was a point he never once considered.

sider'd. As soon as he had finish'd his long harangue, I told him that I doubted not, but all he had been saying was very true, for I supposed he had often consider'd the subject, which I had not : but I begg'd to know if he could tell what time the tide would serve, for me to go the next day to *Twickenham*. On which after taking still some time for deliberation, wrapp'd up in a great many words, he gave me to understand, that he could not at that time answer my question. For he was not able to bring himself to utter those few plain words, " Indeed, madam, I cannot tell."

Ferdinand hath a candour in his mind, which gives him a capacity of perceiving when ignorance is not willful, and a generosity and communicativeness of disposition, which makes him delight in the informing his companions. There appears to me a wide difference between the desire of being a teacher or dictator, and the love of communicating knowledge. The man who attempts to teach from the former motive, endeavours purposely to render his ideas, if
he

he hath any, perplex'd and obscure : whilst the man who is actuated by the latter, will take any pains to become clear and intelligible to his hearer. I believe it is certainly true, that when a man is confused in his language, and can give no distinct ideas, he either understands not the subject he talks of, or doth not desire that you should do so. And often perhaps from the same motives as may be found in *Alexander* the great's letter to *Aristotle*, wherein he expresses his displeasure at that philosopher for publickly communicating his knowledge, " for then (says he) others will be as wise as ourselves." But when I declare it as my opinion, that whatever a man really knows, that he will be able to teach or express ; all hesitation and defects in the organs of speech itself must be consider'd as thoroughly out of this question.

Una intirely agreed with *Portia* on this head ; but wonder'd, she said, as it was so very clear, that she should say so much about it.

Portia.

Portia. There is nothing, which is in conversation a more common topic of dispute ; and if you, O *Una*, will give me your attention, (for I see the *Cry* are in some grand debate among themselves) I will relate what happen'd to myself, concerning this very subject. — I was talking one day with a very learned and ingenious man on this point ; and was mentioning my opinion, as you have just now heard. He would not admit the truth of the observation, but insisted on it, that people might have very clear ideas, which it was impossible for them to express : and altho' I readily gave up all faults in elocution, and fix'd it down to a cool and deliberate expression in writing, yet even this he would not admit, and strenuously stood by his first assertion. About half a year afterwards, I found he had entirely changed his opinion, and in the same company in which he had contradicted *me*, applying his discourse to *Ferdinand*, he said that in reading *Aristotle* he found it affirm'd, “ that whatsoever a man understands he “ can teach.” I own, I could not help smiling
on

on *Cordelia* ; and *Ferdinand* said to his friend, “ Don’t you remember, Sir, this
 “ is the very subject which *Portia* was talk-
 “ ing to you about some time ago, and you
 “ then disputed those sentiments in *her*,
 “ which you now admit in *Aristotle* ?” But
Ferdinand might full as well have been
 silent ; for the gentleman (a little angry,
 perhaps, at the discovery of his want of
 candour) only renew’d his assertion, that
Aristotle was in the right. “ For whatever
 “ a man thoroughly understands, that he
 “ will certainly be able to teach.”



SCENE



SCENE V.

Il n' y a qu' une sorte d' amour : mais il y en a mille differentes copies.

ROCHFOUCAULT.

PORTIA. UNA. THE CRY.



HE Cry had not heard one word that *Portia* had been talking with *Una*, nor did they trouble themselves at present about teaching or understanding. For from the time *Portia* had said, that *Ferdinand* possess'd a generosity of disposition, which made him delight in informing his companions; they had been in a deep consultation on the word *generosity*, as apply'd by *Portia*. In order to prove her absurd in her expressions, they turn'd and twisted it every way, and confus'd and entangled

entangled themselves in their own various conceptions. They were unwilling to allow that it was ever used, except to express a profuse distribution of money; but unless they could attain some other images, besides those which relate to property, *Portia's* liberal way of expressing herself must for ever remain above their comprehension. However, after a long debate, they began to find that their taking exception to *Portia's* expression in this case, would appear even too frivolous to deserve an answer; and they therefore agreed to wait for a fairer opportunity of abusing her, and for the present permitted her uninterrupted to proceed with her story.

Portia. Whilst *Ferdinand* was shewing me every day, that he was in possession of those amiable qualities, which alone had the power of gaining my affections, I am not ashamed to confess, that I endeavour'd as much as possible to recommend myself to him, and that my chief wish was to appear agreeable in his eyes.

The

The word *recommend* set the whole Cry in a uproar. — “Recommend one’s self to a *man*!” scream’d out every female voice; which expression was re-echoed and tossed about, till it was interpreted to be indecent, and they delighted themselves with discovering that *Portia* had fully confess’d, that she every day pleaded the cause of her love to *Ferdinand*, and had therefore given up the modest dignity of her sex. Full conviction of this, they pretended, had possess’d their minds; and this threw them into such raptures, that words were not sufficient to express their joy: but all in full chorus began to sing,

*The fruit that will fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.*

Many other things they said and sung, importing their contempt of *Portia*, and their high admiration of themselves, which all entirely lost their desired effect; for without being the least disconcerted, *Portia* thus attempted to proceed.

Portia.

Portia. My love to *Ferdinand*, altho' very great and sincere, never inclined me to be jealous.

Now the *Cry* lost even the affectation of patience, and declared that *Portia* used them like idiots, to pretend thus to impose on their understanding ; but she would find herself much mistaken ; for their knowledge of human nature was a little too deep for such stuff to pass upon them. Then they repeated all the sayings they had ever heard, signifying that there can be no love without jealousy ; every woman confessing herself the most jealous creature in the world. Yet there was not one, who whilst she profess'd the most raging jealousy on the supposition that her lover, as she said, should *dare* to look on another woman, after she had *condescended* to grant him any mark of her favour ; that did not also declare, that she should so heartily despise and condemn such a man, that she should be under no anxiety whether she lost him or no.

Portia.

Portia. When I said, that I was not inclined to be jealous, I meant not that the fear of losing *Ferdinand* could give me no anxiety. The freedom I enjoy'd in his conversation (which was indeed the chief pleasure of my life) I knew would most probably be lost, if he married any other woman: but I should think I gave a man a very little proof of my affection, let my own happiness depend ever so much on living and conversing with him, if for that reason I should endeavour to rob him of his liberty, and force him on a choice, in which his own future happiness could not be the consequence. Conjugal felicity cannot be found, where the liking is not reciprocal; but when 'tis wanting on the man's side, the two poor wretches condemn'd to spend their lives together must be miserable indeed! To see that *Ferdinand* liked another woman better than myself, I should not call jealousy, but certainty. Or even supposing that I only doubted, and was not certain of what would really grieve me to perceive; yet could not this inflame my jealousy or anger, call it which
you

you please. For that raging jealousy which we falsely assert to arise from love, hath not one spark of real love in its whole composition. The very language, O ye Cry, which ye just now used, — Shall a man *dare* when I *condescend*, &c. is proper to declare that your pride is piqued, and that from thence arises all the jealous tumults in your breast: Yet I confess there may be another motive to raging jealousy. But this should be the rage of a man, not of a woman; and hath not a grain more of true love in it than the former.

The Cry now open'd on a new scent, and instead of supposing *Portia* the fond creature, which they lately pretended to despise, they accused her of asserting that her love was all platonic, and of pretending to a purity, which exempted her from the common frailties of human nature. Then with significant shrugs and tosses of the head.— For my part—and for my part—I don't pretend to such perfection—I confess myself a daughter of *Eve*—I have no notion of such a seraphic passion—were the only
sounds

sounds to be heard amongst them. And altho' a little before, they would not for all the world have acknowledged but that the race of mankind should be extinct, rather than they would own the least liking for any man, that had not persuaded them to love; yet now were they ready, for the sake of contradicting *Portia*, to confess themselves all over one blaze of desire.

Portia. I am so far from pretending to what is generally call'd platonic love, that I know not of any one invention, from the beginning of the world to this day, that is more brimful of nonsense. *Plato*, I doubt not, may thank his commentators, for extracting such absurdities from his doctrines. I know how dangerous this notion of platonism hath been to womankind, and most sincerely wish that every young woman would avoid its alluring snares. A pretence of this kind hath, I fear, been but too often instrumental in betraying a young and tender mind, which from its innocence also is the more likely to be entrap'd by such a specious bait.

I en-

I endeavour not to conceal, that I believe there is a great mixture of desire in the passion which is call'd love: or rather, without any far-fetch'd strain on words, it may properly be call'd the companion of love. I would not therefore have them so confounded, as that poor *Love* should be condemn'd for every fault of his rash companion: nor indeed would I have him falsely asserted to be present, when *Desire* is wandering about by herself, or takes with her a more favourite associate, namely, *Pride*. I would wish, if possible, to exonerate poor *Love* from the blame of those mad and barbarous actions, which proceed from a mixture of *Desire* and *Pride*. Instigated by these, *Christina* queen of *Sweden* was said to order the death of a man, whom she profess'd to doat on, because his heart being engaged to another, made him incapable of returning her passion; yet of that barbarous action hath *Love* often been falsely accused. Wherever *Rage*, *Revenge*, and *Cruelty* appear, I will venture boldly to assert that *Love* is not to be found in such company.

As

As soon as *Portia*, in the warmth of her heart to vindicate *Love* from the many aspersions it had been loaded with, had utter'd those last words, she began to fear that she had too boldly asserted her own sentiments. She was suddenly silent, and cast a look of modest diffidence on *Una*, as if she wish'd to be informed of her opinion.

The *Cry* were ready, full-mouth'd, to open, but *Una's* voice awed them into silence; by telling *Portia* that she very much approved her distinctions between *Pride*, *Desire*, and *Love*, and *Portia* thus encouraged, readily proceeded.

Portia. Notwithstanding all the eloquence, O ye *Cry*, that you have expended in the justification of jealousy, I will declare that I never was jealous of *Ferdinand*. I always consider'd him as at full liberty to exert his power of choice; and was I conscious of artificially endeavouring to restrain him in that freedom, I should fall under
that

that most heavy of all punishments, the being self-condemn'd. But when a man, whom I have reason to esteem, hath once declared me the object of his choice, my unbounded confidence in his sincerity and honour, would soar far above the suspecting him of either levity or deceit.

An imaginary affection, founded on a love of flattery, properly exerts itself when it is accompanied by suspicion, and a long train of ungovernable passions. A conversation between a jealous woman, and a justifying lover, (to say no worse of it) bears in my opinion all the marks of a language, properly adapted to express hatred and contempt.

I once overheard an altercation of this kind, which to the best of my memory I will repeat, and will then appeal for judgment, whether the lady's passion ought to be honour'd with the name of true love. At the time when *Islington* gardens were much frequented for the sake of the waters, I went for one whole month very early in the

the mornings, and happen'd one day to see a young lady fix'd as I may say, for she seem'd immoveable, on a seat at the end of the garden; nor had she any signs of life, but the breath which she spent in deep-fetch'd sighs, and which seem'd to come from a bosom oppress'd with some heavy affliction. She seem'd so fully employ'd by her own thoughts, that I came very near her without her having perceived me, on which I turn'd aside into another walk, separated from her by a hedge, that I might not be guilty of an impertinent intrusion on her solitude; I was no sooner on the other side of the hedge, than through the brakes I saw a young gentleman walking hastily up to the melancholy lady, and they enter'd into discourse before I had time to withdraw myself. When I had overheard the beginning of their conversation, I imagined it much better, for their sakes, to remain in the same place where I was, than by coming in sight to let them know that they had in part been overheard. This, in their own words, was their dialogue.

Gent.

Gent. Well, madam, you see I am punctual to my appointment, but I expect no ill-humour; no reproaches; no upbraidings, where I have so little deserved them.

[Great signs of love on either side, by such expressions!]

Lady. *[In a soft voice]* Let not my love for you, cruel man, be the cause of your using me thus inhumanly.

Gent. How, my dear creature, have I used you inhumanly?

Lady. *[in a voice something higher]* Not used me inhumanly! Did I not see you with my own eyes, barbarous man, caring the forward hussy?

Gent. Nay, why should you dwell on such a trifling circumstance, when 'tis near a week too since it happen'd?

Lady. [*something louder still*] If it was a thousand years, I should never forget the cruel insult.—Only because my back was turn'd, you could not refrain from kissing the first girl you met.

Gent. Fye, my dear *Lucy*, how can you mention such a foolish piece of gallantry? You know that the girl desired me to help her over the stile, and, 'tis true, I gave her a civil salute; she was a *very pretty girl* —

Lady. [*with her voice raised almost to its highest pitch*] Oh! you villain! a civil salute! I saw you give her half a dozen kisses: and does the remembrance too of the girl's charms dwell so strongly on your imagination, that you cannot even talk to me without being wanton in her praises?

Gent. [*a little nettled at being call'd villain*] Why, madam, will you give way to your passions in such a manner? I have said

said nothing but the truth. The girl was pretty. I kiss'd her, and should not have longer detain'd her, had you not expos'd yourself by turning about, and flying into a rage with me for nothing. I own after such a behaviour in you, it pleas'd me to give you the farther vexation of seeing my pretended fondness for the country girl.

The lady's tears now gush'd in such abundance, that she could only with sobs utter the words, "Barbarous cruel man, thus to insult me with your fondness for another!" The gentleman, who I believe fear'd she would go into a fit, protest'd that he said *pretended* fondness only, and vow'd and swore that he was fond of no creature but herself. The lady recovering a little breath, thus went on. "Aye, your *pretended* fondness I believe is all bestow'd upon poor me, whilst your real fondness is for every pretty girl that you cast your eyes on."

Gent. [*something peevishly*] I have never thought of the girl since: I have no fondness for her; I have told you so fifty

times: but if you won't believe me, you must take your own way.

Lady. [*still sobbing*] I find how indifferent you are, whether I believe you or no. I doubt not but my suspicions were all true of Mrs. B——, and Miss C——, and Molly D——, and Betty G——. [*And then she reckon'd up about ten persons besides, whom she had suspected him with before, and thns went on.*] I am resolved not to bear this tormenting life any longer, and I will leave you at liberty to go to all your favourites as soon as ever you please.

Gent. [*still peevishly*] I beg, madam, that you would for your own peace leave off these idle suspicions.

Lady. Call them not idle suspicions, base man; for from the stories you have told me of yourself, I can prove you to be one of the most deceitful of creatures.

This

This ungenerous retorting his own openness of temper on him, enraged the gentleman beyond all patience, and there ensued between them a downright quarrel; in which they both exhausted their whole stock of bitter reproaches against each other. 'Till at last the gentleman turning on his heel, was going hastily to leave her. But she caught hold of his coat, and scream'd out in the loudest voice; "Aye, do, stab me; kill me, barbarous man; and all because I love you to distraction." He begg'd her not to speak so loud in such a public place, and expose herself in this manner. She reply'd, that she cared not how much she was exposed, or what became of her, unless he would promise not to leave her. To this at last he consented: and after some farther discourse, he own'd himself convinced, that all her jealousies arose from excessive love; and they walk'd off arm in arm, as fondly as if nothing had happen'd.

The falling out of *such* lovers, may indeed be call'd the renewal of *such* love, and is I believe the only love that can be renew'd or heighten'd by quarrelling. I have heard something not very unlike this between two animals, scampering over the ridge of a house at midnight.

The *Cry* were now all so very delicate, that on *Portia's* last comparison, they stretch'd out one hand, turn'd their heads the contrary way, and croak'd out, *O foy, foy, foy!*

Portia, who knew the indelicacy not to be in herself, but in the before-mentioned lovers, thus went on.

Portia. When such a mixture of ungente passions, as were contending in the breast of the *Issington* lady, claim to themselves the name of love, it requires not the eloquence of an orator to prove it a misnomer.

mer. In *Christopher Layer's* trial, there was a long pleading about a letter in his name, either about an e, or an o, I have forgot which; and a learned counsellor wanted to quash the indictment, by proving a misnomer from the alteration, addition, or omission of a single letter. Could this plea be admitted, where there was only one letter wrong in two words, how much stronger would it appear where an e is the only letter in the whole word, which belongs to its true interpretation! For *Hatred*, and not *Love*, must be the parent of such a scene as I overheard, and have just now related. And by what juggle, or legerdemain trick it can be brought about, that where disappointed pride raises up hatred enough to excite such language, poor *Love* should be deem'd the criminal, is astonishing to me, and is also the highest degree of injustice. I wish some able advocate would rescue innocent *Love* from such barbarous treatment, and according to the common saying, would fairly set the saddle upon the right horse.

The general word *passion*, is, I allow, a good one, to express the sensations of most people who talk of being in love; for such love produces hatred, rage, jealousy, and fondness, each in their several turns, in the space of twenty-four hours. We do not often say of an avaritious man, that he hath got a passion: or, if we mention the word, it is definitely, by calling it the passion of avarice; and so of all the other passions which actuate the human mind. But to love, we vulgarly give the name, A PASSION, and by using it thus in general, we tacitly confess that we know not what particular passion it is; or rather we imply that it is a mixture of them all together. *Rochefoucault*, or *La Bruyere*, I have forgot which, very truly observes, that of all the various persons who imagine themselves in love, there are very few who have attain'd the knowledge of what it means. A true esteem, built on a just foundation, must keep paltry suspicion at too great a distance ever to approach it: and I am certain that the love which is centered intirely
in

in its own gratification, without any regard or concern for the separate good or happiness of its object, deserves no other appellation than that of the most narrow selfishness. If I might venture to give a definition (or rather a description) of what I mean by love, it is this.

A sympathetic liking, excited by fancy; directed by judgment; and to which is join'd also a most sincere desire of the good and happiness of its object.

Una, with a simile, stamp'd this definition with her own seal, which the *Cry*, by various inventions, vainly endeavour'd first to hinder, and then to frustrate. Sometimes they tried to melt it off by the flames of their raging passions; and when baffled in that attempt, they tried to prevent its being legible, by covering it over by the chilling ice of their own frozen hearts. So many cunning shifts did they fly to, in order thoroughly to deface it, that they made it unintelligible to those who are

afflicted with any degree of weakness of sight; but to the piercing eye of reason, it is still perfectly clear and intelligible. This also is well known to the *Cry*, and they undesignedly bear testimony to the truth of the definition, by their eager desire of destroying it. The motive is easily discover'd: for never having experienced one grain of true love in their own bosoms, they modestly desire mankind to stand by them, in asserting that there is in nature no such disinterested affection.



SCENE



SCENE VI.

*In loving thou dost well; in passion not:
Wherein true love consists not. —*

MILTON.

PORTIA. UNA. THE CRY.

P O R T I A.



ADDED to the various ways I have already mention'd, one very pleasing manner in which *Ferdinand* made love to me, was by the innocence and chastity of his behaviour.

The horse-laugh, which burst from the Cry, on *Portia's* last expression, was so loud, and continued so long, that she almost despair'd of ever again resuming her discourse. At last with a broad grin on all their countenances, as if ready to burst out again on the

the next words she should utter, they jogg'd each other into silence.

Portia. I wore no disguise, and my affection for *Ferdinand* must be too visible for him to be ignorant of it; yet had I been his sister, he could not have conversed with me with more innocent freedom; and a woman in such a situation, cannot, I think, receive from a man a higher obligation, than such a generosity of behaviour.

The Cry were not in the least baulk'd, for they found an occasion loudly to renew their laugh. *Portia* was perfectly at a loss to discover the cause of their mirth; but as soon as they could recover breath enough for utterance, she soon found what had so much diverted them. The words *innocence* and *chastity* were tost about amongst them, as the most absurd epithets that ever were apply'd, as *Portia* used them; and miss *Notable* coming forward with an air of great humour and ridicule, said, that an old maiden aunt of hers, who never had

more claim to beauty in her youth, than ~~she~~ now possess'd at threescore, used often to talk of the innocence and chastity of all the men with whom she had ever conversed, and fancied herself under the same sort of obligation as *Portia* had mentioned to mankind, for her present state of virginity. I would venture a good wager, said miss *Notable*, that *Potiphar's* wife was about as handsome as my maiden aunt; for indeed, that is the only circumstance which in my opinion can make that old story probable. And it is the fate I believe of all ugly women, continued she, to meet with nothing but chaste and innocent men. Miss *Notable* was highly applauded for her wit; and now was the rude laugh renewed with the loudest acclamations of insult.

It may not be amiss in this place to inform the reader, that notwithstanding the pertness of miss *Notable* in her story, and the malicious application of it by the *Cry*, that nothing could be less applicable than it was to the person against whom it was pointed. As *Portia* hath hitherto been,
and

and will still continue to be relator of her own life and actions, no intimation will drop from her tongue of a truth which we must here beg leave to make known, namely, that she possessed as much beauty as ever fell to the share of any human creature; and the reason we are not more particular in the description of her person is, that we think it not half so material as to bring our reader fully acquainted with her mind.

Notwithstanding the loud laugh of applause, which follow'd the attempted satire of miss *Notable's* story; yet the *Cry* very well knew how little it could touch our *Portia*: and the men who were mix'd in the assembly, had they not felt the same dread as with-held them once before; the fear of offending a wife or mistress would soon have taken the part of insulted beauty, although in the person of *Portia*. This dread with-held them from speaking; but casting their eyes on *Portia*, they shew'd her by their looks, that they were not insensible to her personal charms.

The

The rough and unmannerly behaviour of the *Cry*, for a moment confounded *Portia*, enough to bring into her face a blush, which according to *Milton*,

— *added grace invincible.* —

Yet with a conscious innocence of mind, under the sanction of *Una*'s protection, thus she continued to express her real sentiments.

Portia. I wanted not to be told that *Ferdinand* had no dislike to me, nor is it I think any great vanity for a young woman under twenty, who is not deformity itself, to think, that the man she likes may, at least for some time, be pleased with her, as one woman. He might indeed easily prove to her his strong liking to her person; but this surely would be no proof of his love: whereas should he converse with her with innocence (notwithstanding the laugh that expression just now caused) it ought to be look'd on as the highest proof of his affection.

That

That grand master of human nature (I need not say I mean *Shakespeare*) very judiciously in his *Midsummer night's dream*, makes *Demetrius* say to a young lady who follows him into a lonely wood ; that he wonders -she will trust herself (being both young and handsome) in such a solitary place with one who loved her not. Most of the dabblers in human nature, would have made his want of love for her an argument of her security, and would have supposed the danger to have arisen from being alone with a man who really loved her. Which translated into plain *English*, is neither more nor less, than affirming that a man would not desire to injure the woman he doth not love, but would not care how much he injured the woman for whom he had a sincere affection. This is making a man declare with the old ballad,

So much I love this maid,—I will undo her.

The *Cry* once or twice seem'd going to speak, and to contradict *Portia* ; but they found

found that there was something so very uncommon in her manner of considering this subject, and they were sometimes at such a loss to catch her meaning, that for fear of saying yes, when they should say no, they suffer'd her to go on without interruption.

Portia. If I should even be mistaken in thinking, that the behaviour of *Ferdinand* towards me was a proof of his affection, yet would I willingly continue still to think so. For 'tis a thought which I would not lose for any other that could be given me in exchange. Such a proof of love is more pleasing to me, than all the profusion of enamour'd language, which passionate rapture can bestow. 'Tis not words, but deeds, that to me prove a man's thoughts.

Here notwithstanding the real chastity of *Portia's* language, which indeed arose from the pure images in her honest mind, the *Cry* could not keep out some ideas which strongly renew'd the laugh. Then follow'd

low'd a general malicious sneer, and they talk'd apart to each other (but designedly loud enough to be heard) in sort of hints and implications (most dangerous weapons in the hands of folly or malice) all which implications amounted to the discovery, that *Portia* by her own confession was entirely in the power of *Ferdinand*; and that she would easily be prevail'd with to sacrifice her virtue, whenever he should please to make the tryal. It was, they said, a consciousness of her own weakness, that made her dwell so much on the praises of his innocence; and truly might she call herself under high obligations to him on that account.

Portia. As to being conscious, that I could not have withstood any solicitations from *Ferdinand*, I boldly deny it. Yet never had I so much confidence in my own strength, as to wish for such a tryal. I look on it as no trifling effort of female strength, to withstand the artful and ardent solicitations of a man that is thoroughly master of our hearts. Should we in
the

the conflict come off victorious, it hardly pays us for the pain we suffer from the experiment: [*Here Portia suppress'd another rising sigh, the occasion for which, as well as the former, we must beg to keep secret till our sagacious readers find it out*] and I still persist in it, that such a behaviour in any man I love, would rob me of that most pleasing thought; namely, the obligation I have to him for not making such a tryal.

A new discovery now presented itself to the Cry; and they imagined that *Portia* had greatly contradicted her former sentiments, at least had included herself in her own censure, when she said, that those people who have the word *obligation* continually in their mouths, have the love of tyranny strongly engrafted in their hearts; and they fell on *Portia* with ironical taunts, for her great love of using the word *obligation*.

Una, with her usual candour, plainly discover'd by this seeming contradiction the generosity of *Portia's* heart, which induced

duced her strenuously to disclaim the word *obligation*, when 'twas in her power to confer the favour, and willingly to use it, when she thought herself the person obliged.

But such a favourable construction on any one's words or actions, never enter'd into the head or heart of the Cry; whose favourite employment is to hunt for some absurdity or contradiction in the words and sentiments of all those who will not enlist themselves amongst their numerous train.



SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Chi troppo s' affottiglia, si scavezza.

A TUSCAN PROVERB.

PORTIA. UNA. THE CRY.

P O R T I A.



OUR behaviour just now, O ye Cry, puts me in mind of those people whom I call discoverers in conversation ; and whose chief view is indeed the discovery of some absurdity, which they hunt for with as much eagerness, as sportsmen hunt for their chace; and hollow with as much joy, when they fancy they have started their desired game. But there is this wide difference between a sportsman and a discoverer ; that the game of the former being the object of his sight, cannot well deceive him ; whereas the latter is perpetually following false alarms,
and

and is continually imagining that he hath found, when like *Macbeth's* dagger,

— *there's no such thing* —

for his very characteristic is a resolution to censure. And so far doth a true discoverer resemble what we call a gold-finder, that filth is his pursuit, he sculks from day-light, and works always in the dark ; by forced implications he changes the most inoffensive meanings into some dark design, and then exults in the strength of his own penetration.

The *Cry* from inattention, very little understood what *Portia* had been saying of discoverers : but they agreed unanimously to accuse her of having absurdly abused all discoveries, and of wishing to put a total stop to all useful enquiries.

Portia. You yourselves, O ye *Cry*, whilst your view is to condemn what I have said of a discoverer, heedlessly have confirm'd my opinion by changing my terms, and
using

using the word *enquiries* instead of *discoveries*. The character of a candid enquirer is very commendable ; for in his search whatever he finds he immediately acknowledges ; he gives his judgment liberty to exert itself, and restrains his imagination from soaring beyond its strength, and from declaring that he hath found what is not. Whereas what I call a discoverer, sets out in his search with an inclination to some particular point ; he leads his judgment in chains, gives a loose to his imagination, and is sure to prove (at least to his own satisfaction) that the new and desired discovery is made.

A discoverer is continually talking false logic ; he multiplies words till he himself (as well as his hearers) hath lost all traces of the true and natural deductions of reasoning. Perhaps it may not be impossible to prove, that a man's talking false logic, as well as being guilty of wrong actions, arises originally from his heart ; that is, from his inclinations being byass'd on the side of error, from cherishing some favourite
image

image or system, to which all others must bow down and worship, or must suffer being rack'd and tortured till they submit to such an adoration; in short, from being a resolute discoverer instead of a fair enquirer.

[*Portia meeting with no interruption thus continued.*]

—What led me into this way of thinking was, by observing from my youth that men of such parts, that their capacity could not be doubted, and of such learning, that their knowledge of the proper manner of reasoning must be unquestionable, would at times talk as false logic as could possibly have been uttered by the most silly or ignorant part of mankind. Nay, what confirmed me more strongly in the truth of this opinion was, that I have often heard the same man, who would one day talk as logically as *Aristotle* himself; and yet the very next on some other subject set logic on its head; change the premisses into the conclusion, and the conclusion

clusion into the premises, and bewilder himself in his own words, till he became at last almost unintelligible. To what can this be imputed, but to some hidden passion or inclination in the mind; which is working the common effect of all unrestrained passions, enveloping and darkening the understanding?

Children who have not yet corrupted their minds, with a strong desire of proving one thing more than another, often talk the truest logic. Those few images which they have imbibed, are more clear and intelligible than those of grown-up people, who are surrounded with strong inclinations and whose imagination hath, perhaps been pamper'd and indulged. Yet this desire of obscuring truth, will begin to peep forth and shew itself even in children, when the doll or the plumb cake happens to be the subject of contention; and each will use as many perplexing words, to engage mamma to determine the right of property to be invested in the

little speaker, as any the most eloquent lawyer in *Westminster-hall*.

The reason *Portia* had been so long interrupted, was not owing to the acquiescence of the *Cry* to any of her sentiments; but from the time she had mentioned the word *logic*, they had stretched their eyes wide open, and fix'd them on her, with an amazed stare as if they had beheld a monster. Then opened all at once full-mouthed against women's understanding logic; not in a manner as if they even desired to prove it either useless or hurtful, (for they deal not in proofs) but in attempted ridicule; they abused female logicians, and cast forth sly reproaches against every woman that knew any thing of the matter. First, all the feminine part of the *Cry* utterly disclaim'd all knowledge of it themselves; and whatever they thus disclaim, they not only insinuate is of no value, but labour also to shew that the possession of it is attended with shame. Then they unanimously pronounced that logic was a man's business; and they were
certain

certain that a woman would never be married who pretended to such high learning; for men were not such fools as to burthen themselves with logical wives. A fine wife indeed would any woman make, who should chop logic all day with her husband! Then after a loud laugh they raised their voices to the highest pitch, and talk'd all together till their breath fail'd them, in endeavouring to prove that logical women would stun their husbands, and never suffer them to be at rest for their eternal babbling.

Portia, who had no notion that logic meant any thing, but an art of reducing the forms of speech into such a method, as from thence clearly to distinguish truth from falshood, could not but smile at the present alarm amongst the *Cry*; and out of a whimsical curiofity which was just then raised in her mind, she asked them what they really understood to be the meaning of the word *logic*?

This question *Portia* address'd to the female part of the assembly ; and the men stood silent, willing to hear what the women would say on the subject. A sudden question hath the same effect on the *Cry*, as an attempt to touch it hath on an hedgehog. For the fretful animal rolls itself up, hides its head, and throws forth all its bristles in order to pierce the bold hand that dares approach it. The *Cry*, on *Portia's* question, were all suddenly struck on a heap into fullen silence. Modesty or diffidence in themselves, was far from causing their silence ; for they had long soar'd above such groveling motives ; but the space of time before they spoke, was employ'd in meditating the manner in which they should express their indignation. To ask them what they understood by any thing, they always construed into a suspicion of their ignorance ; and this being the highest of all offences, never fail'd of raising their anger. Strange anger this ! considering how vehemently they had just before disclaimed all such knowledge. But after having
 vented

vented part of their wrath, by dealing out such words as *wits, women of sense, pretenders to learning, &c.* they strove with emulation, who first should prove herself capable of answering *Portia's* question. But it was, after the manner so humourously express'd by *Hudibras*,

*In proper terms such as men smatter,
When they throw out and miss the matter.*

For one said that logic was an outlandish language; another, blushing for the ignorance of her friend, said that it was learning a parcel of hard names in order to conjure by; a third, eager to display her knowledge of what she had pretended heartily to despise, declared that it was something which men learnt at the universities, in order to hinder themselves from being understood. In short, logic by one or other amongst them, was found out to be every thing that it was not. Each hit on some new invention to assert, and every one was best pleased with her own invention.

As soon as every one had vented a separate opinion, in order to take off the reproach, as they thought, of not being able to answer any question which *Portia* could propose, they all once more in a body declared, that for a woman to pretend to understand logic, or any other kind of learning, which was properly a man's business, it must and would subject her to deserved contempt, and she would be despised and neglected by all mankind.

Portia. The fear of being neglected, or disesteem'd for any knowledge I could attain, never once came into my mind. I am conscious that it cannot make me the proper object of disesteem, unless the pride of my own heart turns wholesome food into poison, and that affectation or insolence should be the consequence of every degree of knowledge, to which I could arrive. And as to any contempt that I may lie under, for which there is no reasonable foundation, I endeavour to keep such a command over my own mind, as
to

to enable me to easily bear it, without fretting, or feeling from thence the least degree of anxiety.

Portia could have uttered nothing more likely to inflame the *Cry* with indignation, than the assertion that she was not to be ruffled by their ill-grounded contempt; and they were ready to have fallen on her for affectation with the utmost virulence of their tongues, when the harmony of *Una's* voice prevented their doing more than muttering and grumbling their discontent; for she encouraged *Portia* in her way of thinking, by telling her, that steadily to preserve that temper of mind, was the only true road to happiness.

Portia. There is a superficial desire of seeking after knowledge, which is satisfied with swimming on the surface of every science: or which, like a sickly appetite, is greedy after every thing it spies, but is unable either to receive a quantity sufficient for nourishment, nor hath the power of digesting what it receives. To carry on the

same metaphor, I believe the whole force of the human imagination is unequal to the finding an illustration more adequate in all its parts, to exemplify a mind injudiciously cram'd with undigested knowledge, than is a body pampered and glutted with poignant sauces, by which the palate loses all taste of wholesome food, and grows so luxuriously wanton, that at last all kind of relish is entirely lost, and the unfortunate body which is thus apparently indulged, but in fact cruelly treated, becomes a sink of loathsome diseases, and an intolerable burthen to itself. I had such an unbounded trust in the judgment of *Ferdinand*, that I knew he would easily distinguish whether I thus perverted instruction, so as to deserve contempt ; and whilst my behaviour obtained his approbation, I was perfectly satisfied, nor valued the opinion of the whole world besides.

And now the gloomy discontent of the *Cry* began a little to subside, and they seem'd recovering from *Una*'s last rebuke. However, they could not yet venture at the
contra-

contradicting *Portia's* sentiments, because indeed they did not clearly understand whether she was at present an advocate for or against knowledge; but they all hit, as they thought, on a most wonderful discovery from *Portia's* last words, namely, that she was most excessively in love with *Ferdinand*. That she herself had repeatedly confess'd it, had no chance of being acknowledged by them. For a true discoverer shuts up all his windows at noon-day, and cannot enjoy the light of the sun, whilst the blessing is visibly common to all, and whilst 'tis nothing new to declare that it shines: but he must contrive to peep through some small crevice, and then is wonderfully delighted that he hath found out the open blaze of day.

Portia. No wonder is it, O ye Cry, that you should find out my love for *Ferdinand*, since I have declared it in plain and honest words several times. I have confessed it to be my glory.

The Cry baulk'd and disappointed at *Portia's* confessing the truth of what they thought a shameful accusation against her, were resolved to be revenged, and took so strange a turn, as is almost incredible : for rather than make no discovery at all, they were resolved to rob her of her glory, by finding out that she was not in love with *Ferdinand*. And this they attempted to prove, by positively asserting, that her being in love with any one, was a matter of fact in itself impossible. She had not a heart, they said, capable of such a passion ; for ice itself was the truest emblem of her affections. So that in their perverse imaginations, ice or fire alternately reigned in her bosom, just as either was best suited to the promoting their constant and fixed purpose of abusing her with an unconquerable malignity.

The Cry spend their whole lives in the same manner as children spend their time, when they play at cat's cradle. They puzzle and perplex themselves, and twist every string

string a thousand different ways, but all in vain : for 'till they have found it out themselves, or by owning their ignorance, have, according to the children's phrase, *yielded* to be inform'd how to put their fingers into the right place, the cradle will never come into its intended form.



SCENE



SCENE VIII.

*At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus; atque
Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare.— HOR.*

PORTIA. UNA. THE CRY.



PORTIA was now call'd back by *Una*, to a subject she would by no means have farther enlarged on in that company, had *Una* been absent. But we would not here be misunderstood, as if contempt for the understandings of the *Cry* would have caused her silence. *Portia* well knew that there was no want of capacity in that assembly, for understanding any subject that she was capable of discoursing on; but it was the inflexible stubbornness of their minds, and the impossibility she knew there was of gaining from them any the least degree of candid attention, which would

would have caused her silence, had not *Una* kindly protected her, and given her all the encouragement which was due to modest merit.

This subject was no other than that of learning and knowledge; on which *Una* was desirous of hearing the utmost *Portia* could say.

Portia. When real knowledge or learning of any kind, is accused of creating in the heart of man either pride or contempt of others; the accusation must be as false, as it were to assert that a pear-tree produced the baleful berries of the yew. A little learning is well observed to be a dangerous ^b thing; but as the danger is confess'd to arise from the smallness of the quantity, 'tis more proper to say, that ignorance and the want of learning is dangerous: for by drinking
deeply,

^b Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* spring;

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

deeply, all the apprehended evil will in a moment vanish. But, even in this drinking deeply, great care must be taken to draw our liquor from the right and wholesome fountain ; otherwise (to continue the metaphor) we shall be but entoxicated, instead of replenished, and shall confound our brains in a giddy perplexity. We must drink deep enough to go to the very bottom ; we must find out the certain value of every degree of knowledge, before we can possibly make a right use of it ; we must fix strongly in our minds this one simple truth, “ That
 “ no natural or acquired transitory advantages in this world, ought to be esteemed
 “ valuable, unless they are connected with
 “ such a regulation of the mind, and animate the heart with such a degree of
 “ goodness, as will be a recommendation
 “ to the God of truth and wisdom.”

Where this truth is once properly fixed, can the advantage of knowing ten, or ten thousand different names for one thing, or any other knowledge within the reach of man, ever produce a self-sufficient pride in ourselves, or an insolent overbearing contempt

tempt towards others? Whilst indeed we wilfully blind our eyes, and keep out the knowledge of this truth ; whilst we use all our endeavours to forget our own dependance on one far above us, and keep our thoughts bent only on our inferiors : insolence will be produced by every the least advantage which we can but make ourselves imagine we possess. This is throwing away one of the distinguishing privileges of man, (which even his bodily form hath given him) that of lifting up his eyes towards heaven, and chusing to let them lower down continually on the earth, only that the power of trampling on worms may dwell on his memory.

'Tis the not opening our eyes to the simple truth before mentioned, and the continual comparisons which we delight to make of ourselves with our companions, that induces us to display insolence with knowledge, or malice with ignorance. For I will boldly assert, that the man who is disdainfully overbearing amongst those over whom he hath but the least degree of either real
or

or fancied superiority, will be slyly malicious whenever he is admitted into company, where the painful thought intrudes itself on his mind, that he stands in the least degree inferior to any of his companions. If we would strike at the root of this evil, we must strip all pain from the thought of our own inferiority, and must learn to bear it with mildness and good-humour. Could this fear of being less than the greatest, be but once eradicated from the human breast, how great a change would appear in almost all conversations! I fancy, if a man who had been long conversant in this world, was to be placed amongst a set of beings, bearing the outward form of his acquaintance, but who had thus plucked up this evil by the roots, he would be seized with the highest astonishment; he would wonder what was become of all the insolence on the one hand, and all the malice on the other; to which he had been all his life accustomed. He would then be able to taste mirth without hurtful ridicule; instead of seeing mortified discontent, or insulting sneers, he would behold nothing but benignant smiles, arising

arising from the indulgence of innocent pleasantries, and the height of social good-humour.

Una embraced *Portia*, for drawing such an agreeable picture, whilst the *Cry* laboured with all their force to disunite them. But finding their endeavours to be in vain, they loudly call'd on *Portia* to answer or deny, if 'twas in her power, this affirmation; that learning, and every degree of knowledge, must give at least an additional opportunity of exerting insolence, and opened therefore a much greater inlet to arrogance, than ignorance could possibly give.

Portia. That knowledge and learning, in a small degree, gives an additional opportunity for exerting insolence, or rather impertinence, you are undoubtedly in the right, O ye *Cry*.

And now the melody of *Frasi's* voice might as well be heard amongst the sound of warlike instruments, preceding a triumph

umph for victory, as *Portia's* amongst the noisy acclamations of the *Cry*, for their own imaginary conquest. The puff'd and swell'd, and invited echo by their loud applauses. They fully proved indeed the truth of their assertion, by the insolence of their clamour, and undeniably shew'd how small a degree of knowledge is capable of producing the most overbearing contempt. Yet they felt something within very unpleasant, which amounted to a consciousness that they had falsely accused *Portia* of ever denying the truth of their observation ; and if their inmost hearts could have been laid open, it would have been seen, that their triumph was not half so compleat, as by their outward applauses they endeavoured to make appear.

Portia. If giving *one* opportunity to exert insolence, be held a reasonable cause for condemning any such advantage, and if it can be by this means accused of being mischievous, every faculty of the mind, every superior degree of strength of the body, and every kind of property whatsoever, must

must plead guilty to the accusation : we must desire that mankind should be reduced to naked unanimated clods of earth. But such a wish would be full as pregnant of absurdity, as if we should desire to banish every thing in which there is any utility, because there hath been nothing which men at one time or other have not, in the height of some pampers'd and blown-up passion, turn'd into instruments of mischief and destruction. By this way of reasoning, instead of confining madmen, we should take away from the sober part of mankind, whatever the mad in their raving fits of frenzy had employ'd in doing mischief. Surely we have had but little experience, or have profited but very little by that most useful of all knowledge, if we are not convinced that insolence and arrogance rages most in those minds, where poor knowledge by the most positive of all proofs that of absence, must be exculpated from a possibility of being the cause of its exertion. But I confess that, more than I at first intended, I have confounded the two words knowledge and learning, whereas to avoid confusion,

sion, great care should be taken to keep our ideas of them distinct. There is a knowledge which is concerned in the gaining ideas of things, and investigating their utility; whereas what we generally call learning, is concerned only in gaining the various names for those things. The farmer when he plows his land, hath as much, nay perhaps more useful knowledge of the plow-share, than the man of learning, or more properly the linguist, who knows its name in every language spoken throughout the globe.

As this world is at present constituted, what we call the lower part of mankind work for pay, and by that means support themselves and families; yet their assistance by the means of their labour, is as necessary to the rich, as the pay of the rich is to the labouring man. Did not this dependence for common subsistence oblige the lower class of men to sell their labour; if the gentleman whose birth and fortune had enabled him to have had a literate education, was to despise his cook for his ignorance;

ignorance; the cook in my opinion would then have a very reasonable pretence for with-drawing his labour, and forcing the learned insulter to employ some of that time in preparing food for his body, which he (by the help of his cook) hath now leisure to employ in pampering the pride of his heart, by first acquiring, and then applauding his own acquired learning. I have often reflected with pleasure on the following observations of *Montaigne*. “Men (says he) are presently apt to enquire, doth such a one understand *greek*? or is he a critic in *latin*? and should you cry out of one that passes by — O what a learned! — and of another — O what a good man goes there! the people would not fail to turn their eyes, and address their respect to the former. There should then be another cryer to exclaim — O the puppies and cox-combs!” —

The *Cry* were now in the highest perplexity. For when first *Portia* mention'd learning, they thought themselves secure of
a good

a good opportunity of abusing her, as by her language and manner they imagined her to be possess'd of it; but now as it appeared to them, that she had taken the other side of the question, they consequently concluded that she had no learning, and they therefore set up a general high admiration of it. They declared it to be the only valuable thing in this world. Some blamed their parents for their ignorance (for they must have somebody to blame) and were sorry, they said, that it was too late in life for them to attain it. These also pitied and lamented themselves, deplored their own condition, and at last made a kind of attempt at talking the language of humility; but most awkwardly was it executed. However, their doubt about *Portia's* having learning or no learning, kept them from unanimously either praising or decrying it, and 'tis impossible to repeat the jargon they uttered on this subject. They would not see how easily they might have turn'd their perplexity into certainty, by only asking *Portia* the question. But the fear of damp-
ing

ing the real joy at their hearts, on the supposition of her want of learning (notwithstanding their affected contempt for it in a woman) withheld them from such enquiry. *Portia* saw their dilemma, and altho' she would freely have answered any one who had asked her, whether she ever had or had not been instructed in any language besides her own; yet was she resolved at this time not to gratify the curiosity of the *Cry*, as they had not candour enough with good-humour, to ask her the plain question.

Portia. You shall never, O ye *Cry*, till I think proper, positively know whether I am or am not possessed of learning. Not that I think such your information of the least consequence. But I very well know that the motive to your curiosity is in order to abuse me, if you could find out that I have learning, and to insult and trample on me if you are certain that I have not. For one of the great advantages of learning is, that it keeps the modest mind from being overborne and insulted

sulted by that proud pedantry which struts in a borrow'd phrase from the ancients, which phrase also is often no more than a sentence recollected out of the *latin* syntaxis, and which nothing but the rod hath imprinted on the memory. But I should really be glad, O ye *Cry*, if you would inform me whether the meaning of all you have been saying is, that you despise learning, or whether you hold it in very high estimation?

Una smiled at *Portia's* spritely treatment of the *Cry*, whilst the *Cry* themselves toss'd up their noses, said they cared as little about her learning, or her want of it, as she did for their opinions; nor would they inform her whether they admired learning, or whether they did not.

Portia. Since ye will not declare your own meaning, I will tell you an illustrating story, in order more fully to explain mine when I say, that, whatever faults any one may think proper to charge on learning, yet that it is ignorance which is very often the motive to malice and detraction.

An

An illustrating story from *Portia* was as dreadful to the *Cry* as a question; nor would they have suffered her to have proceeded, had not the awful voice of *Una* forced them to shrink into themselves, and to retire in sullen discontent.

Portia. Some years ago I went from *London* to a part of *Kent*, which lies on the sea-shore, in what is called a hoy-boat, being indeed a pretty large vessel, which contains a great number of passengers. There was so dead a calm, that we were kept out two nights; yet was there such a coldness in the air, that forced most of the passengers to go down into the hold where the goods were stow'd. As I could not bear the suffocation of such a place, my companion and myself sat upon the deck on hampers, hop-bags, or what we could find. A young man and woman also were seated not far from us, and seemed conversing on a subject which very much raised our attention to their discourse. The man appeared by his dress to be a carpenter, and the girl, as I afterwards heard, was

a servant in a gentleman's family ; yet these two were discoursing on no other than the subject of learning. A gentleman, it seems, in whose service this young fellow's father had spent the greatest part of his life, had put this boy to school, and intended to have provided for him in something an higher station of life than his birth demanded ; but finding his thorough incapacity for such an education, he took him from school, prenticed him to a carpenter, and the boy now grown up was become a sweet-heart to *Betty* his fellow-traveller, and his master's maid.

John, conscious that *Betty* knew he had been at school, exerted all his eloquence in the praise of learning, but strictly confined it to men, in which *Betty* very heartily agreed with him ; for, she was jealous of a rival in her own fellow-servant, who was able both to write and read (two things *Betty* was intirely ignorant of) but her fear on this score was perfectly groundless ; for her rival had lost *John's* favour on that account. However *Betty*, to secure her

her triumph, began to reckon up in her own knowledge, a great number of women in every degree of life, who (she said) were proud and lazy, from having more learning than became their *sex*. Amongst many other instances she named miss C —, an intimate acquaintance of my own. Miss C —'s father (says *Betty*) had much better have bred his daughter a housewife, and then, mayhap, she might have got her a husband, which with all her fine learning she has not yet been able to do. — And no wonder, for what man wou'd be plagued with a flat-tern? — No truly (says *John*) I believe no gentleman would like to have his family affairs neglected, because his wife was filling her head with crotchets and pothooks, and who, because she understood a few *scraps* of *latin*, valued that more than minding her needle, or providing her husband's dinner.

Had I been a stranger to miss C —, or had I not had too much experience of the world, to fix my opinion of any character

rafter where malice appeared in the representation, I might have been deceived. I might have imagined that the lady of whom they spoke, had not only neglected every thing that could be called neatness, but that she prided herself in carelessness of dress, in order to prove her title to a little superficial learning ; and that she affected to soar above every part of domestic œconomy. Under such circumstances I should have been very far from discovering the true character of miss C —, which from my own knowledge I am very well enabled to give.

Una look'd full of expectation, and the *Cry* (for reasons best known to themselves) full of terror, for what *Portia* would represent to be this lady's true character, when thus she proceeded.

Portia. Miss ^b C — is so far from being a flattern, that she is remarkably neat
in

^b We must here beg pardon of our reader for departing from a promise made in our prologue ; namely, that we would not ever be understood by our characters, to

in her person, and is uncommonly diligent in every part of useful œconomy. Her father is a clergyman, and hath a large family. Her mother dying when she was very young, she hath rather been a mother than a sister to all her younger brothers and sisters. She hath indeed, under her father's tuition, acquired, not a few scraps of *latin* as *John* insinuated, but a large share of real learning, of almost all the living and dead languages: nor was the leisure which she found for such acquirements produced by neglecting any thing necessary or useful for the family, but by the most assiduous industry. But *Betty* in her representation topp'd her part; for she first invented faults to throw on mis

H 3

C ———

mean any living particular person: for we cannot deny that a young lady too well known to need any farther description, hath without her consent sat for the above picture.

Nor is the detraction from so fair a character, a matter of meer invention; for by such very persons as *John* and *Betty* did we (or our *Partia*) hear it uttered.

The farther favour we beg, besides pardon for our deviation from our promise, is, that our candid reader will rely on our word of honour, which we here give, that we design no such particular application throughout our book without fairly giving the same notice.

C—— which she never had, and then cast the blame of those faults on that part of miss C——'s character, which she had most inclination to censure. There is a corruption of heart in this perverse and fallacious manner of proceeding, which it is much pleasanter to avoid the sight of, than to keep continually before our eyes.

Una, who of all things detested that any seemingly just censure should stick on any thing that may be useful to mankind, was heartily rejoiced to hear poor *Learning* so exculpated, and that she had an opportunity of delighting herself with the view of so fair a character as miss C——'s; whilst the *Cry*, forgetting their late high admiration of learning, all sat, before they were aware of it, for the picture of *John* and *Betty*. They began to declare that they would hold a good wager that *Portia* had misrepresented her friend, and that the honest country girl in the hoy-boat had fairly spoke the truth. Then did they load poor miss C——, whom they had
never

never seen, with ten times more calumny than *John* or *Betty* had done before them.

Portia. Another part of *John's* courtship to *Betty* which I cannot omit, was, that fully to shew his own learning, he began repeating to his sweet-heart several scraps of *latin* verses which he had picked up at school; and greatly did it make my companion (who was a man of very great learning) smile to hear how thoroughly he exposed his ignorance by not speaking three syllables right, whilst he attempted to set off his knowledge. But this fully answer'd *John's* purpose towards *Betty*; for as she did not understand, she highly admired him, and he concluded by again repeating, that learning was a fine thing for a man, but 'twas both useless and blame-worthy for a woman, either to write or read. It is, I confess, no wonder that a poor ignorant girl should be thus imposed on, and should take for a compliment such bare-faced contempt. Might we make the supposition, that in higher life a man was thus to

court his mistress, the thoughts which must pass in his mind before such an intended address, could be no other than these.

Flattery, I am convinced, is the only snare by which I can entangle my prey; but of this there are so many sorts I know not which to chuse. The woman whom I at present admire, is extremely handsome; and compliments to her person she is so accusom'd to, that they will have but little weight. I know she is very silly, and it would be no uncommon practice therefore to entrap her by encomiums on her understanding: but the most artful method in my opinion would be this, to tell her that what she doth not possess is useless and contemptible; that weakness and imperfection is the perfection of a woman; that I am stark mad in love with ignorance, and thus shall I allure her by calling her fool.

This is the language in the heart of every such lover, altho' other words may chance to
flow

flow from his lips; and he generally proves how justly founded his opinion is of his mistress's folly, by her being thus to be ensnared.

The female part of the *Cry*, who had many of them often experienced a joyful self-approbation, on being told by their admirers that all their perfection lay in folly, and that to prove their wisdom they must shun, as poison, every offer'd instruction, for fear of becoming disagreeable to their lovers, now felt rolling in their bosoms the highest anger and disdain. — Not against their adorers for so preposterous a method of flattery — much less against themselves for receiving and being pleased with such absurd adulation; but all their indignation was pointed against *Portia*, for daring to bring into open light the true meaning of such paradoxical stuff. Yet as there was not wanting amongst them some, who had enjoyed the pleasure of having been flattered for their high understandings; a dissension began to arise amongst themselves, which for the present

took off their attention from *Portia* ; and such their contention growing every minute louder and louder, the usual and only effectual remedy was forced to be applied, namely, the commands of *Una*, which soon awed them into a fullen attention.



SCENE



SCENE IX.

*If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em.——*

BEN JOHNSON.

PORTIA. UNA. THE CRY.

P O R T I A.



SINCE you just now, O ye
Cry, shuffled away the question
which I asked you, for fear
something should come out that
you could not justify; I myself will tell
you from your own language, whether you
hold learning in contempt, or in very high
estimation.

You really set a much higher value on
learning than it deserves. But your ad-
mirati^{on}

miration of it continues no longer than whilst you can keep it at a distance, and whilst you can look on it as too robust and masculine to be suited to female delicacy. Let it once come so near you, as for a woman and an acquaintance to be possess'd of it ; and you would sink under the intolerable burthen of seeing (at least in one point) your own inferiority, if you could not substitute something of your own property to admire in its stead : and unless by fancied ridicule, or open invective, you could cast an odium on whoever thus boldly dare to soar above you.

That *Portia* should thus penetrate the thoughts of the *Cry*, swell'd their hearts with rage. They would have gone farther, had they dared, than speaking daggers. But they plentifully bestowed on her their whole collection of ironical taunts, by talking of *wits*, *women of sense*, *pretenders to penetration*, &c. and concluded by drawing this absurd inference from *Portia's* true representation of miss *C* — ; that she thought it right and fitting for all girls

girls to be instructed in *latin* and *greek*, and that housewifry and needle-work were very improper female employments.

The laugh and hubbub of the *Cry*, on this fancied discovery of a real absurdity, was so great, that it was a very long time before *Portia* could be heard. And it would be endless to repeat the number of silly trite sayings that were uttered, in order to contradict *Portia*, in what was he farthest from her intentions to assert.

Portia. That every woman ought to be an œconomist, and to be thoroughly acquainted with all those things which are call'd female accomplishments; I am so far from contradicting, that I look'd on it as too universally allow'd to need any mention or justification. And, full as distant also am I from thinking, that what is call'd a learned education, is by any means necessary, or even proper for women in general. But, when added to all the useful knowledge of a woman, without neglecting any of the necessary duties of her station,

station, a young lady employs her leisure hours in acquiring as much learning in languages, as will enable her to have a higher relish both for reading and conversation (by which means she may indeed have something a less relish than other young ladies for cards and public places) I see not why she should be stared at as a monster, reviled as a flattern, or ridiculed as an absurd animal, not fit for the company of either men or women.

When mankind are forced to acknowledge another possessed of any particular excellence, the great pains they take in endeavouring to tack on to that excellence some necessary defect, is a contrivance invented by envy, in order to prevent bursting with inward spleen at so hateful a sight. And it brings to my remembrance a practice I have heard of one of our former sovereigns, who, when he wanted money, would never sign any useful bill in parliament, without tacking on another for his own supplies. Thus to make *wit* pass current in the world, malice tacks on to it *want of judgment*; to *sound judgment* is tack'd *want of invention*;

to

to *learning* in men, *pedantry*; in women, *want of every domestic virtue*; to *vivacity*, *levity*; to *gravity*, *dullness*; but above all, to a *lively imagination*, *madness*. The behaviour of mankind to each other, in exulting in every trifling advantage which they have over another, and repining at the want of every advantage which they cannot enjoy, puts me in mind of a scene which was acted amongst some children in a family, where, one summer, I pass'd some months of my time. The gentleman and lady, to whom I paid my visit, had a very large house in the country, and the upper apartment was allotted for the children. Two girls and a boy made up the number of this little society. One day, miss *Nancy*, the eldest girl, who was about twelve years old, had bolted herself into a large closet, that was within the nursery. She was sitting in an indolent posture, seeming at a loss for their employment or diversion, 'till she heard her sister *Nelly* in the next room who ran directly to the closet door, and finding it bolted, entreated her sister to let
 he

her in. On this, miss *Nancy* grew so proud, with thinking she was in a place where miss *Nelly* could not come, that her indolence fled, and she soon found employment enough in forming resolutions for keeping her sister still out; and collecting reasons for so doing, she told her through the door, that as she was the eldest, she had a right to chuse her own apartment; that the books were kept in that closet, and she was retired to read; that the nursery and the outer room were properest for children to play in, and there she might stay, for into her closet she should not come.

Ten thousand rooms would now have been of no use to *Nelly*, unless she could have got into the place from which her sister had excluded her. . She intreated, she threatened, but all to no purpose; for miss *Nancy* could not be prevailed on to open the door. On which *Nelly* fell into a most violent passion of roaring and crying, and vow'd revenge against her sister, whenever she

she should have it in her power. But whilst this terrible tragedy was acting in her little heart, a gleam of comfort arose; for hearing her brother *Billy* running up the stairs, she flew to the nursery door, bolted it against him, and by resolving to keep him out, had the pleasure of thinking that there was one person, however, that could not get so far as herself. Little *Billy* used the same endeavours to prevail on his sister *Nelly* to admit him, as she had before done with her sister *Nancy*, and as much in vain. Miss *Nancy* was all joy at the thought of being able to exclude her sister from the closet. Miss *Nelly* was greatly perturb'd; for she knew not whether she should be more pleased or vexed. She sometimes crept close to the door, which excluded her from her sister; and there blubber'd, stamp'd and rag'd, with all the agonies of anger, arising from envy. She then ran back to the door which she had bolted against her brother, and there laugh'd, and crow'd, and chuckled, and received the highest raptures that insult can give. Poor *Billy* was all grief; he had no-body to shut out
except

except the cat ; and there the distance was too great to give him any pleasure. He had no relief, but by the vent which *Nelly* first gave to her passion ; namely, by setting up a very loud roar. This soon changed the whole scene ; for miss *Nancy* from her closet hearing her little brother cry in the outer room, rush'd out to his assistance. Pity now seem'd wholly to possess her mind : she could not indure to have the poor child vex'd, and severely reprimanded her sister *Nelly* for her cruelty, in excluding her brother from the nursery.

The exact degrees of envy and insult, practised amongst these little children towards each other, are generally to be discovered in some infants of so large a growth, that their bodies are visibly arrived at maturity, whilst their minds have carefully preserved every part of childishness, but its innocence. Mr. *Pope*, in his preface to *Shakespear's* works, declares it as his opinion, that *Ben Johnson's* envy first gave rise to the report of *Shakespear's* want of learning, which report hath prevailed even
to

to this day. The surly laureat (as *Theobald*, in one of his notes, judiciously calls *Johnson*) hath left behind him a very good receipt, which gloomy malice may ever make use of, to pull down a bright contemporary genius. In the first place, *Johnson* exalted learning to a pitch beyond its value; then by making the most glaring shew of his own learning, he endeavour'd to fix the highest admiration on himself; casting at the same time an imputation on *Shakespeare*, for want of learning, and spared no pains in exhibiting what he thought so much his own superiority in that single point.

Whoever will take the trouble of extracting from *Johnson's* prologue to *every man in his humour*, and from various other parts of his writings, the side-way reflections which he frequently casts on *Shakespeare*, need not I think seek farther for the strongest proofs of his malevolence and impudence of heart. I would not use such words, if softer terms could convey my meaning; but I cannot from complaisance,
lose

lose the use of language, and drop half the image I design to give.

Shakespeare saw a rising genius in *Johnson*, and like himself, that is, like one who knew the true value of human learning, and its utmost boundaries, and whose genius was exalted by candor and good-nature, prevailed on the managers of the theatre to encourage *Johnson*, and to exhibit his first performance on the stage. After *Shakespeare* had nourish'd in his breast this young and venomous snake, now grown to maturity, and warm'd by his friendly bosom, *Ben Johnson*, like himself, that is, like one who possess'd so much of genius as to make him grasp at the fame of having all, spurn'd at his generous benefactor, caught the ears of the multitude by sharp expressions against him, which he call'd humour, and I call spite, and endeavoured to throw all the obstacles he could invent in the way of *Shakespeare's* race to the goal of fame. But *Shakespeare* could never be provoked to return such paltry spite; he, like the strong mastiff, steadily pass'd by the whiffing cur,

cur, unheeding of his yelpings. I know the men (as *Montaigne* says of *Plutarch*, and some other writers) to their inmost souls; I know them by their works. *Shakespear* indeed had no cause to disguise himself; and *Johnson's* malice was too obstreperous for his management; he could not restrain it from breaking out, where gratitude should have with-held it, and with the monument he hath left to posterity of his genius, he hath join'd to it a strong picture of his unconquerable envy.

The *Cry*, not in the least observing what *Portia* had said of the character of the man, began to accuse her of a total want of humour, in not being pleased with such entertaining characters, as are drawn by *Ben Johnson*. Then some were sounding the praises of *Bobadel*, others of the jealous *Kitely*, and all joined in admiration of the diverting figure of master *Stephen*, when he saw his broken toledo.

Portia. Very justly, O ye *Cry*, have you pointed out the humour of three very entertaining

entertaining comic characters, which have lately gained such merited applause; nor is there any one amongst you, who can admire the beauties of some of *Ben Johnson's* writings more than I do. For, besides the foregoing ones, which by the force of inimitable action have made such an impression on your memories, there is *Morose*, *Macilente*, lady *Woud-be*, and many other strong pictures of nature, in his comedies: and for his tragedies, the speeches are extremely fine, both in his *Catiline*, and his *Sejanus*: his just picture also of an inexorable mob, in their usage of *Sejanus's* daughter, where the distress must move the hardest heart, are such proofs of genius as have often pleased my fancy, and claim'd my admiration.

The *Cry* were now all agape, and as they were conscious that to give merited praise, without being blind to glaring faults, was not in themselves (notwithstanding, when it served their purpose, they were always ready loudly to clamour for impartiality) they could not imagine what *Portia* meant by bearing such testimony to *Ben Johnson's* genius

genius as a writer, since she had before condemn'd his malice.

Portia. I should be ashamed of myself, if I would not acknowledge the merit of *Ben Johnson* as a writer; but a capacity for writing holds so very low a place in my esteem, when weigh'd in the balance with an honest heart, that with me (and I wish it was the same with every other human creature) it hath no chance of concealing one grain of malice or envy; had *Ben Johnson* known the insignificancy of genius in comparison with a benevolent heart, he had been contented with himself, had borne to have taken the second rank, had loved his friend *Shakespeare* instead of abusing him, had therefore been a happier man whilst he lived, and left behind him postumous fame (if postumous fame could delight him) sufficient to have gratified the wishes of any reasonable man; and it might also have been untainted with that malice, which is now too visible to be concealed from observing eyes.

Altho'

Altho' (as I before said) I would willingly acknowledge all *Ben's* merit as a writer ; yet would I wish to set his malignant envy in full view, that the face of such envy may be known whenever it dares to make its odious appearance ; nor would I willingly have mankind bully'd into becoming the paltry instruments to gratify the spleen of malignant envy, by turning their eyes averse from one of the greatest glories of the human race.

The *Cry* toss'd up their noses, and said that they should not condemn *Ben Johnson*, because *Portia* had pleated to abuse him ; nor would they blindly admire *Shakespear*, because she thought proper to *puff* him off as something so very extraordinary : and then with the highest insult they sneeringly threw about the word *Puff*, and wittily told her she would do well to enlist herself in that office to some modern author. A loud laugh of triumph re-echo'd through the throng ; and *Portia* unheeding of their rude behaviour thus pursued her subject.

Portia.

Portia. The author of *Joseph Andrews* hath gone through the several degrees of envy, from the lower classes of men to those just above them, as also the degrees of insult from the upper rank to those below them, in my opinion very judiciously; and whenever I see his observations exemplified by insult exerting itself over the degree just below it, my remembrance always presents me with a scene that I once saw perform'd between two monkeys, which were for a long time shewn amongst the curious sights at the Tower. One the keeper dignified with the name of the *wise monkey*, and the other he debased with the appellation of *foolish pug*. It appeared indeed to me, that it was nothing more than a violent deafness which had seized the poor wretch, and prevented his obeying the word of command, and no sort of incapacity, that brought on him this imputation, and degraded him below his companion, who was praised for his superior wisdom. For such was the force of comparison in this case, that it gave the epithet of *wise* even to a monkey.

First, the *wise monkey*, at the command of his master, display'd his various feats of activity to the great delight of all his beholders. But there was yet a higher entertainment in store, which was no other than the insult practis'd by the *wise monkey* over the *foolish one*, who either from stupidity or deafness, was indeed perfectly incapable of obeying his master's commands. On which the *wise monkey* again repeated the various little tricks which the other could not perform; then strutted, chattered, and convulsed himself into such a number of insulting sneers and gestures, importing contempt, that surely *pug* must have been a narrow observer of his master MAN, before he could be so perfect in them all. But the poor little insulted animal escaped every degree of suffering from his insults, for he was happily ignorant of what they meant. But the *wise monkey* was resolved not to be so baffled: he found out therefore a method of proceeding, which must be felt by both the *wise* and *foolish*, and beat the poor dea wretch till he almost left him for dead; then

then grinn'd and chattered aloud with the thoughts of his own facetious behaviour. I ask'd the keeper why he suffer'd the poor little animal to be so barbarously treated; who replied, that most of the gentlemen and ladies who came to the Tower, were so pleased with the essential difference between the *wise* and *foolish monkey*, that the shewing them made a very considerable part of his profit. I observed indeed some people then present, who seem'd highly delighted with the sport, as they thought proper to term it: for they spurr'd the *wise monkey* on with, " Well " done *wise pug*—at him again—there " you have him on this side—now you " have him on t'other," with many more such words of encouragement, as are proper to be made use of at a prize-fighting. Peals of applause burst forth in rattling sounds, till the vanity of the *monkey* was puffed up to its utmost height, and he stood collected in his own wisdom. This scene I have always call'd the PICTURE. I wish it was an original instead of a copy; but alas! *monkeys* can but imitate, and have

never yet had the honour of being called inventors. But whenever we see insult to be the effect of any superiority, either natural or acquired ; we may I believe with certainty conclude, that the degree of such superiority is not greater, than that of *wise pug* over his unfortunate *brother*.



SCENE



SCENE X.

*Nequidquam sapere sapientem qui ipsi sibi
prodesse non quiret — Non enim paranda
nobis solum sed fruenda sapientia est.*

EX ENNIO & CICERONE.

PORTIA. UNA. THE CRY.

HE Crywere at present fill'd with
the highest rage and indignation
against *Portia*, and were cla-
morously loud in their accusa-
tion of her having treated them with con-
tempt, in imagining that stories of chil-
dren and monkeys were best adapted to
their weak comprehension.

Portia. I am now censured of acting a
part, to which of all others my nature is
most averse. To treat any living creature
with contempt, I hope is not in my dis-
position; and whenever I bend one thought

towards pointing out a weak comprehension as an object of scorn, may that scorn be deservedly retorted on my own arrogant, and consequently most contemptible head. But if the highest insolence reigned in my bosom on that score, 'tis almost impossible that I could be guilty of the intention with which I am now accused, in stories I have or shall relate before this particular assembly.

The gloomy lowering looks of the *Cry* suddenly brighten'd up; for, doating on the word *assembly* applied to themselves, they looked with an air of satisfied dignity, each as a part of such a collective body. They forgot indeed that *Portia's* words, which imply'd respect for her audience, could in any degree be applicable to *Una*, for a very palpable reason, namely, that they did not at that instant remember that *Una* was present, for they had no leisure to look at her, their eyes being all separately fixed on themselves; and every one tacitly making use of that figure in rhetoric, which includes the whole in a part.

Thus

Thus agreeably employ'd, they retracted their accusation, and unanimously declared that 'twas impossible for *Portia* to be so daringly silly, as to think of treating them with contempt. *Portia* inwardly smiled at the odd turns in the mind of the *Cry*, and thus proceeded.

Portia. Stories and exemplars from undisguised nature, are most properly used when we have a mind to trace meer simple nature; for when in such researches we labour through the windings of art, we often impose upon ourselves, and have, not the least desire of knowing the truth. Yet in the most labour'd and adorn'd poetic fables it is possible, nay, far from difficult, to find the most easy and familiar instruction. I remember that the learned and ingenious *Bossu* gives the following definition of fable.

“ A ^c fable (says he) is a discourse invented to form the manners by instructions,

I 4

* ^c La fable est un discours inventé pour former les mœurs par des instructions déguisées sous les allégories d'une action. *Bossu*, Traité du Poème Epic, liv. 1. ch. 3.

“ ctions, disguised under the allegories of
 “ an action.”

“ These ^d ingenious inventions (in another place says the same author) “ under
 “ which the truth was disguised, bore for
 “ their excellency the name of FABLES,
 “ that is to say, of WORDS; as if there
 “ was as great a difference between the fabulous discourses of the wise, and the
 “ common language of the vulgar, as there
 “ is between the speech of man and the
 “ sounds used by brutes, to express their
 “ passions and sensations.”

The name of an acknowledged authority hath always great weight with the *Cry*; and as *Portia* profess'd to be speaking from

^d La vérité étoit ordinairement deguiffée sous ces inventions ingénieuses, qui pour leur excellence portent le nom de FABLES, c'est à dire de PAROLES; comme s' il avoit autant de difference entre ces discours fabuleux d'es savans, et le langage ordinaire du peuple; qu' il y en a entre la parole propre aux hommes, et les voix dont usent les brutes pour marquer leurs passions et leurs sentimens. liv. 1. ch. 2.

from *Bossu*, they without interruption gave her their attention.

Portia. There appears not perhaps at first view, any great degree of excellence in the appellation of a word, by which the *French* critic (taken too as he says from *Aristotle*) honours his fable : for according to the vulgar notion of a word, which may be either good, bad, or indifferent, it rather degrades to common conceptions this ingenious invention, which is to instruct mankind : but if we will add, that it is (or at least contains in it) *the watch-word* given only to the few, that it is the key which admits the adept into those inner apartments from whence the vulgar are excluded, or in short that it is, according to the common saying, *a word to the wise* ; we shall I believe have a full and perfect idea of what is contained under the term fable. In what manner the *Iliad* and *Odyssée* of *Homer*, as also the *Æneid* of *Virgil*, may be called fables, as justly as any of the stories which bear that name written by *Æsop*, *Bossu* hath very clearly

explained; and hath shewn us that under the quarrel of *Achilles*. and *Agamemnon*, whilst the vulgar are amusing themselves with the descriptions of battles, feasts, &c. there is to be found a useful *word to the wife*. And by the same rule many a story left us on record may be turned into a lesson of instruction. There is indeed in every story worth either remembering or repeating, a word to the vulgar, and a word to the wife. Let us take for instance what is reported of *Alexander the great*, namely, that he extended his conquests so as to become master of the known world; and then sat down and wept, because he knew of no more worlds to conquer.

As to those people who would consider this, as only one historical fact added to the number with which their memories are already crowded, they are scarcely indeed worth mentioning. But if a country fellow, whose images, not for want of capacity but leisure to reflect, have seldom gone farther than the outward objects of his labour, whose mind or body hath not travelled

travelled beyond his own parish or the neighbouring villages round about, was to be told this story of *Alexander the great*; he would think what a huge man was this *Alexander*, who could conquer the whole world! which too our *Colin Clout* would confine perhaps to his one parish, and would stare with astonishment at the giant who could conquer the squire and all his tenants, who could seize on his coach and six, his large retinue, and take even madam in all her silk and jewels a prisoner. And as to the latter part of the story of *Alexander's* crying for more worlds to conquer, our rustic would soon pronounce him a fool, and boldly declare that he himself should not cry if he had but one half of the world, nor would care one farthing who was in possession of the other.

The ambitious man in the pursuit of glory and conquests, on hearing or reading this story, would sympathize with the mighty conqueror; would follow him with joy in all his victories and at the end (altho' he might not shed tears) would be vexed at such a stop to human grandeur;

deur, and would wish with *Alexander*, when the earth was subdued, to extend his conquests to the heavens. But the philosopher, the man of cool reflexion, who hath accustomed himself to weigh the true value of all earthly enjoyments, would find this *word to the wise* in the before-mentioned story : “ That man not only enslaves himself in the vain pursuits of ambition ; “ but that the attainment of his utmost “ desires, and the extending his conquests “ even beyond his first most sanguine “ hopes, will but bring to his view the “ short bound of his career, and the im- “ becility of his power.”

The different judgments passed on this story by the hero and the rustic is owing to this ; that the former, warm in his passions, and having his imagination filled with the same glorious pursuits, is so far from looking with any gaping admiration at *Alexander*, that he hopes soon to overtake him : whilst the latter, having no bias from inclination, comes, in the pointed part of the story, much nearer the truth :

truth: for he laughs at *Alexander's* childish tears; and 'tis inexperience of mankind alone that makes *Colin Clout* imagine, that a person who had conquered one half of the world, could be contented without subduing the other.

The Cry express'd no sort of displeasure at what *Portia* had been saying, concerning the word to the wise, which might be extracted from fables, and the histories of great men; and nodded their heads on each other, as if conscious of being themselves the wise, and far above the vulgar.

Portia. 'Tis the dress and outward ornaments of poetical fables, and historical relations, which make their moral not always obvious to vulgar simplicity; for the substance of this story of *Alexander* every nurse is sensible of, who tells you, that the more a child is humoured and indulged in play things, the more will it cry and roar for a new set of baubles. When we farther consider the moral of the fable of *Homer's Odyssee*, as pointed out by *Bosfu*,
and

and which he says is equally applicable in private families as in public states, we shall find that every honest careful farmer hath it at his fingers ends in his own language. For when he is at an alehouse, and is desired by his companions to stay longer than is proper from his own family at home, he will tell you, “ that when the “ cat is away, the mice will play ;” and with this thought hastens home with the same eagerness, as had the wise *Ulysses* to return to his wife and native kingdom.

The *Cry* now began to grow a little displeased at *Portia*’s seeming to bring down all knowledge to proverbs and old saws, which could be repeated by nurses and country farmers. They declared therefore, that they should consider such stuff as fit for the vulgar, but the higher fables and histories were alone worthy their consideration.

Portia. ’Tis the application alone which gives value to any sort of knowledge, and renders it either useful or agreeable.

If

If a man was possessed of all the golden mines contained within the fertile womb of the earth ; yet was he only to think of this his treasure, as a subject of admiration, it would be to him a useless lump of uninformed matter. It must be current coin before he can be the better for it. He must see useful knowledge contained in the most vulgar language, as well as admire it in a fine writer : he must be so intimately acquainted with the images he hath imbibed from the writings of the greatest genius's, as readily to know them again, although cloathed in the plainest garb ; otherwise, let him be ever so profuse or eloquent in his admiration of them, yet by refusing to own their acquaintance when they are unembellished and unadorned, he denies himself the utility of their friendship. Nothing indeed can discover the vanity of a reader of large volumes of learning, more than this simple test. For if a man peruses the works of the learned, from an intention of profiting by their sentiments, and of being acquainted with what gives him real pleasure, he will gladly acknowledge his old friends,

friends, when dress'd in the garb of common saws and vulgar proverbs ; whereas, should he intend no other use from his reading, but the boasting of his fine grand acquaintance ; he will, according to the way of the world, turn his eyes from them, when they appear in lowly weeds ; nay, for fear of being disgraced, he will, if question'd, flatly deny his knowledge of such unpolite company.



SCENE



SCENE XI.

— *Licuit, semperque licebit*

Signatum præsente nota producere nomen.

HOR.

PORTIA. UNA. THE CRY.



ALTHO' the Cry had tacitly yielded a small degree of approbation to *Portia's* explanation of the word to the wife, fondly and closely embracing the idea, that they themselves were included in that number of the wife to whom a word was sufficient; yet were they ready to retract any such approbation the moment their favourite image of their own wisdom was in danger of being lessened. They were continually on the watch to discover that they were contemptible in *Portia's* eyes, and consequently were assiduous to make themselves

selves miserable. From the time therefore that they could extract from her words an intention, as they thought, of reducing all their knowledge to saws and old proverbs, they felt the image of their own wisdom sliding by degrees from their minds, and sought through all their hoarded treasure of abuse for some device to censure *Portia*. They were resolved, if possible, to rob her of any little degree of merit which they had granted to her observation, and fled to that stale common trick of taxing her with picking up all her observations from some favourite of her own acquaintance: nor were they at a loss for a person on whom to confer the honour of being the prompter to all her sentiments; for in full chorus they all agreed, that she had been retailing to them the peculiar notions of *Ferdinand*. Then with a self-sufficient shout they applauded their own wonderful discovery.

Had it not been for their shout of triumph, and for those gestures of insult which accompanied their words, *Portia* would not have been in the least sensible
that

that they designed any ill-natur'd reflexion, when they pronounced her observations to have been learnt from *Ferdinand*: for as she pretended not to any intuitive knowledge, it was in her opinion matter of praise, rather than reproach, that she should have profitted by the conversation and remarks of another. Thus, therefore, in the simplicity of her heart, she answer'd.

Portia. I freely confess, that from the lips of *Ferdinand* I have often heard many useful and improving observations, and I have always endeavoured to apply them properly, and by the help of my memory to retain them in my own particular service. And tacitly do you now, O ye *Cry*, approve my sentiments, when, resolutely bent on abuse, you are driven to that trite device, of labouring to fix on me the imputation of being a plagiarist in all my thoughts. That I utter not one word but what I have somewhere, or somehow learnt, I very freely acknowledge. That I endeavour to improve myself by such conversation as that of *Ferdinand's*, is, in my opinion,

nion, more to my honour than my shame. And well are you convinced, (although I expect not you should be so ingenuous as to confess it) that no one can make a right use of another's observations, without a capacity to understand them, and judgment to make the proper applications; otherwise sentiments thus taken from another, would as illy fit the mouth of the mechanic retailer, as the robe of a giant would the roguish pigmie, who had clandestinely purloined it from the right owner.

The *Cry*, inwardly tormented by the thought of *Portia's* darting penetration, could not avoid feeling the truth of what she had said: baffled also by her honest confession, that she knew nothing by intuition, they thought their surest method of revenge was to vent their present anger on her favourite *Ferdinand*. They mangled and defaced his character into every false form they could invent: various were their accusations against him, every one making some outward pretence for abuse, whilst the true cause of their hatred to a person
unknown,

unknown, was in reality nothing more than his being the chosen object of *Portia's* affections. At last, without the least blush for their own contradictions, they now positively affirm'd, that she could have learn'd nothing from *Ferdinand*, for he was too dull, too stupid, too shallow, too trifling, for any one to be the better for his company: and this they had the assurance to declare they had collected from her own account of him.

Portia well knew how fruitless would be the attempt to answer or convince such malice and perverseness, as appeared in the *Cry's* abuse of *Ferdinand*: her following reply therefore was intended for no other purpose than to bear an honest testimony to her own opinion.

Portia. I never knew any one person to whom the accusation of dullness could be so little applicable, as to *Ferdinand*: the gravest of his discourse hath a spirit in it, which the utmost levity (unless join'd to malice) could not call dull: and when he

is

is disposed to be humourous, the moroseness of a cynic could scarcely accuse him of levity. Greatly indeed must *Ferdinand* be changed, before I can alter my opinion of his being the most entertaining companion in the world; for he laughs and sports with innocence, unmix'd with one grain of malignity.

The *Cry* now, leaving their abuse of *Ferdinand*, hastily seized on *Portia's* last words, as affording them new matter for cavil. It was at present their good-will and pleasure, to interpret her praise of *Ferdinand's* laughing without malignity, into an opinion, that all laughter generally arose from malignity of heart. Found was the word, a new discovery was started, and *Portia* was pronounced a favourer of mr. *Hobbes*.

As the *Cry* are sometimes to be silenced by the authority of an acknowledged author, so nothing puts them into a greater tumult, than the name of an unpopular writer. Without examining the truth
therefore

therefore of their charge against *Portia*, they began a loud clamor against *Hobbists*; and declared that they fear'd all be to contaminated by conversing with so wicked a creature as a *Hobbist*.

Portia. There is no one who can more thoroughly dislike *Hobbes's* assertion, that all laughter arises from malignity, than myself; and little could I have expected to have been call'd upon to justify my sentiments on that head, when the very words which raised the clamor against me, might have shewn my real opposition to mr. *Hobbes* in that point. Children's laughing at the sight of a candle, or at any other object in which they take a delight, is a contradiction to mr. *Hobbes*, and a proof that laughter is caused by a certain degree of pleasure, for which we cannot give the reason why, and comes from as many various causes as are capable of raising that degree of pleasure. Had *Hobbes*, instead of saying *always*, declared that laughter *sometimes* arose from a malignity of heart, I should not have dissented from his opinion;

nion ; for laughing as well as crying hath two very distinguishable marks, by which it reveals the inmost recesses of the heart. The ghastly smile, which *Milton* mentions in hell, can mean I think nothing but invidious sneering : and this invidious sneering is, I believe, as strong a proof of a diabolical disposition, as is the amiable benignant smile an indication of an heavenly temper of mind. Thus also is a passionate blubbering, when words are too weak to vent the inward rage of the soul, as strong a proof of what I beg leave to call the *turba* in the human breast, as are tears silently flowing from sorrow, at harsh unkindness, the signs of a meek and humble disposition.

Whether *Portia* was right or wrong in her last observation, was not once thought on by the *Cry* ; for at the word *turba* they all started up at once, and wanted nothing but the assistance of cat-calls with their shrill and piercing notes, to express their dislike, in order to have been a true picture of a condemning play-house audience. *Portia* several times in the midst of their
noise

noise and uproar, began to speak, but found it as impossible to gain attention, as the player doth when the multitude are resolute to hear nothing explained. The *Cry* knew not clearly her meaning, yet dreaded to submit to an explanation from her, for fear of being forced to own their ignorance. They chose therefore what they thought the easiest and most pleasing method; namely, the abusing her for using words which had no sense nor signification, concluding with a general clamour against innovation and novelty. *Portia* did once or twice go so far as to utter the words, "I don't desire;" but the *Cry* without giving her leave to speak, insisted upon it, "that she did desire," although they knew not what.

But as it is the nature of the *Cry* to retire into themselves in fullen silence at the dreaded voice of *Una*, not out of respect, but in order to meditate some fallacy against her their greatest enemy; their tumult was soon appeased by *Una's* desiring *Portia* to explain what she intended to ex-

press by the word *turba*; that if she used it any more in the remaining part of her story, no one might be ignorant of her meaning.

I don't desire, resumed *Portia*, to impose a new form on any one, without explanation: and if you, O *Una*, approve not the word *turba*, when I have declared what I would express by it, I never will use it any more.

Una, who always preserved her candor, and therefore never condemned without full hearing, made a motion to *Portia* to proceed with her explanation.

Portia. I want a single word, by which I can at once convey the idea of all the evil passions, such as wrath, hatred, malice, envy, &c. which sometimes altogether possess the human breast; and I think every common *latin* dictionary will shew how adequate the word *turba* is, to express this legion of evil spirits, without being at the trouble of a continual repetition of all their names.

names. *Turba* means not only a multitude, but a multitude of various kinds: it signifies also trouble, bustle and confusion; and is therefore expressive, when apply'd to the mind, both of the cause and the effect; of the evil passions which are the disturbers of man; and of the very disturbance itself.

The *Cry* cared not to appear ignorant of what had been so clearly explained; but as they had still remaining so popular an objection, they fail'd not to renew their clamor against novelty and innovation.

Portia. I am very sensible, that loudly to clamor against novelty hath been a general practice for ages past. *Horace* bears testimony, that it was in use in his time: yet he very judiciously asks those cavillers at new words, what must be the date for calling things new? and declares that if an objection to novelty had been always thought valid, no writings or expressions could ever have been transmitted from our ancestors to their posterity. He also by

many beautiful illustrations, shews that the change of words, and the adapting them to new purposes, doth but make language follow the fate of all nature. He says, that it is, and always will be, lawful to produce new words, provided they are stamp'd with a known signature : bringing thus an apt metaphor from coining ; for new money will be current whenever it is stamp'd with an image of acknowledged authority.

The *Cry*, when they have the least notion that they have really an advantage against their adversary, never use their common method of noise and uproar, but always speak by their orator *Duessà*, who was now deputed to ask *Portia* what was her acknowledged authority, for the word she was desirous of imposing on their understandings.

Portia. I confess I can produce none. But on the introduction of every new word, the judgment of mankind must determine whether it be adapted to express the strength

of the idea for which it is formed, more adequately than any other before made use of.

If the judgment of mankind must determine; we are mankind, roared out the whole *Cry*; and were going unanimously to condemn *Portia's* word, had she not declared, that she believed on consideration, they would find that it needed no apology for its novelty, nor could she claim any merit from its application, in the sense she desired to use it; for perturbation was a common *English* word, made use of by all kinds of writers, and was indeed the acknowledged philosophic word amongst the stoics, to express the workings of the passions. Those therefore, she said, who understood the meaning of the word perturbation, or a perturb'd mind, could not, except through wilful ignorance, be at a loss for the full idea of what she intended to express, by a mind possessed of the *turba*.

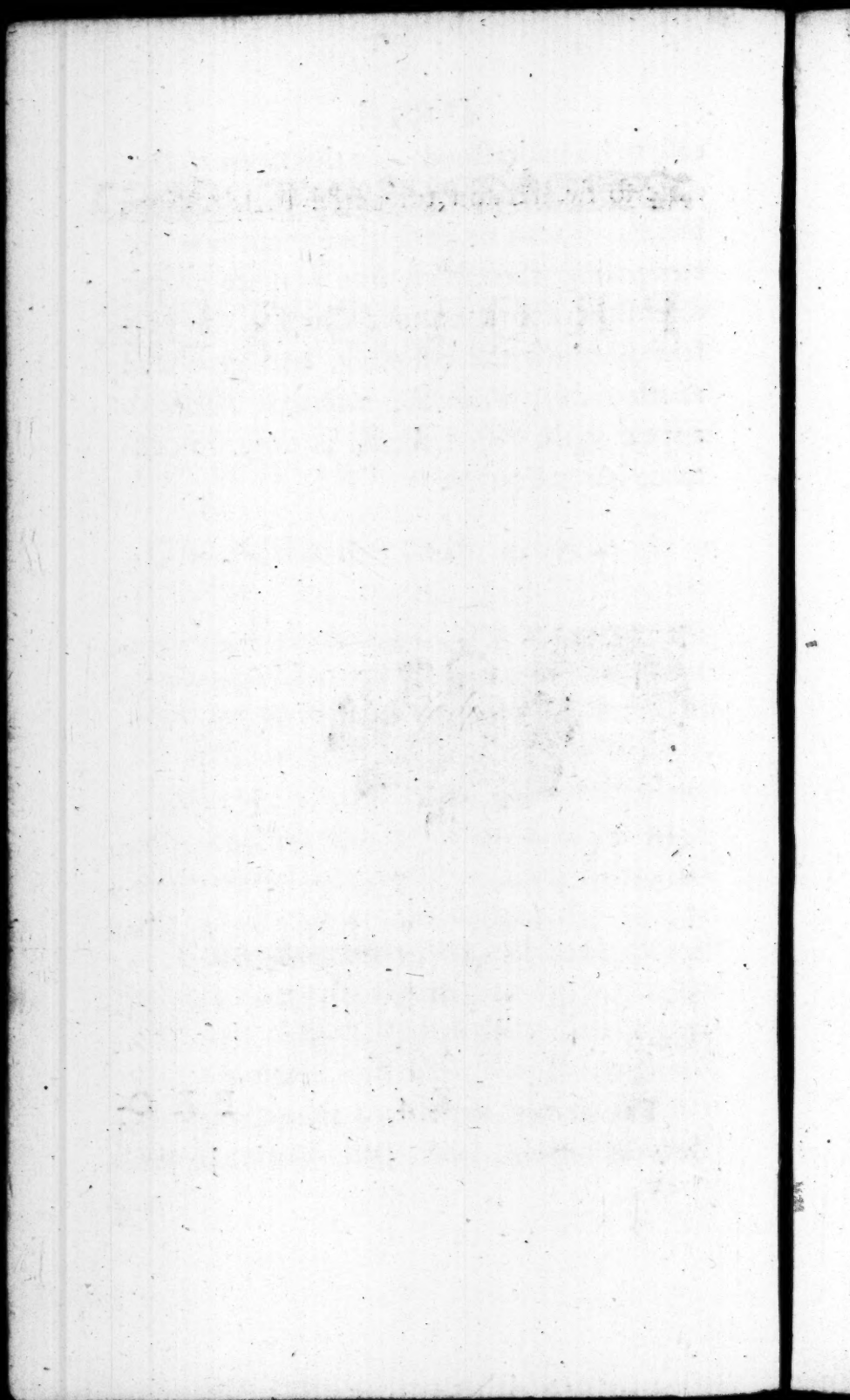
The *Cry* now found themselves excessively puzzled, and the *turba* itself at that time made a strong division in their breasts, whether they should resolutely deny their being able to comprehend her new term, or whether they should condemn her for pretending to explain what was so very easy to be understood.

But whilst they were in doubt how to determine this mighty point, *Una* told *Portia*, with a smile, that she very well understood her meaning, and therefore desired her to indulge her inoffensive whim of using the word *turba*, whenever it would clearly express her ideas, and desired her also to go on with her account of the family of *Nicanor*.

The approbation given by *Una* to *Portia*'s whim, stung the *Cry* to the very soul ; and although they dared not contradict a positive command from *Una*, that *Portia* should be indulged in the future use of her new word, (which they well knew was very
easy

easy to be understood) yet the *turba* at that time so swell'd and turmoil'd their furious breasts, that in order to give them time for composing themselves into a more proper disposition for attention, *Una* for the present dismiss'd the assembly, and appointed another day, when she intreated *Portia* to appear again before them, in order to continue her narration.







PROLOGUE

TO

PART the SECOND.



AS we promised in our introduction to retain to ourselves the office of a chorus, in order to relate such matters as are necessary to be known, and “which we could not prevail on any of our actors to tell for us;” it appears in our judgment by no means impertinent to offer to our reader’s view a retrospect of the family, with which our principal person is so intimately connected.

The matters of fact contained in the following history, our *Portia* could not with

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any

any propriety relate, had they been all within her knowledge: but concerning most of the circumstances she was perfectly ignorant, as her intimacy was with that part of *Nicanor's* family, whose dutiful regard for their father would have made them not thought it proper or decent to have given her such kind of information.

As this is all that we think expedient to be said on the introduction of the following story, we hope it will be as much as the reader will think necessary for his own satisfaction.





PART the SECOND.

 *ICANOR* was the only child of his parents, and left by them very young, with a tolerable easy independent fortune. He had a school education, and was intended by his guardians for some profession: but falling in love at eighteen, with a young lady whose fortune was very suitable to his own; instead of going from school to the university, he married before he was nineteen, and settled himself in the middling station of life; not intending any farther endeavour of encreasing his fortune: and by prudence and œconomy he made a very genteel appearance, yet lived perfectly

fectly within the compass of his income.

For the first six years of their marriage, they had no children; but at the end of that time, his wife was brought to bed of a son, whom they call'd by the name of *Oliver*.

As the affections of some parents depend on meer accident, so the joy of being first a mother, made the mother of *Oliver* doat on him to such a degree, that neither she nor her husband had one minute's peace from the hour of his birth. The fear of losing him, and anxiety for his health, kept her eternally on the fret; and instead of possessing that chearful complacency which used to accompany all her words and actions, she was now so alter'd, that *Nicanor* no longer enjoy'd those pleasant meals and chearful hours, to which he had been so long accustomed: nor had his companions the same pleasure in being his guests, as they had formerly experienced.

Oliver,

Oliver, by his mother's ill-placed indulgence, grew every day more and more humourfome, 'till his health decay'd from his restlefsness to find out his own will. His mother became perfectly miserable, from seeing that weakness in her son's body, which the weakness of her own mind had caused. *Nicanor* had too much understanding not to condemn her behaviour, and was grieved also to see her ill management of his son; but he was excessively fond of his wife, and had not resolution enough to contradict her in any thing.

In two years after the birth of *Oliver*, they had two children more, *Ferdinand* and *Cordelia*, who were twins. Their mother still continued so deotingly fond of her first-born son, and her whole thoughts were so taken up in humouring and indulging him, that she gave herself no farther trouble concerning the little *Ferdinand* and *Cordelia*, than was meerly necessary to keep them from falling into mischief. But *Nicanor*, as soon as they were old enough to learn, took care that they should be instructed in
every

every thing which he thought necessary for them to know, and educated them in the manner that he judged most proper for their future good. Their mother, who saw that they were not humour'd so much as her *Oliver*, took it for granted (such was her notion of love) that *Nicanor* loved her favourite best; and therefore she was not displeased with the real care he took of his two younger childrens education.

When *Oliver* was fourteen, and the little *Ferdinand* and *Cordelia* twelve years old, their mother died. Altho' *Nicanor*'s wife had married him for love, and he had been to her the best of husbands, yet was her separation from him wholly excluded from causing any of those agonies which she felt in her mind at the approach of death; for they were all caused by her being forced to part with her darling *Oliver*: and how did she lament the leaving him to what she called the wide world, without a mother's tender indulgence! for she thought it impossible for any one to take
so

so much care of him, as she fancyed she had hitherto done.

The first and grand rule that the mother of *Oliver* had laid down was, that she had much rather her son in his future conduct should injure all with whom he might converse, than that he should suffer the least inconvenience himself from his own good-nature. Her strongest point in view was to make him cultivate suspicion and policy, which she called wisdom; and she therefore laid the foundation in his mind for such a fortification, and such a set of political maxims against being a dupe, that he suspected every good-natured action of another to arise from some cunning selfish motive. And as he imagined that all people were endeavouring to impose on him, even where they appeared to design him a kindness, he rather hated than loved his benefactors. His mother indeed had no farther intention than to preserve him from being imposed on: but when the subtle minds of youth are taught continually to look askance on all the words

words and actions of their best friends, to suspect cunning motives also at the bottom of every good-natured action, it will not be long before such minds will begin to take as great a delight in making dupes of others, as in avoiding to be made such themselves.

As soon as cunning is settled to be wisdom, how natural is the progress to make the utmost use of it in our power !

The wife of *Nicanor* was an excellent œconomist, and by the influence she held over him, they had always lived perfectly within compass ; but she knew the turn of *Nicanor's* mind, to be strongly bent towards profusion and expence ; and altho' she doubted not his affection towards his children, yet she dreaded what might be the consequence, when she was gone, of his attachment to some other woman : therefore just before her death, she by intreaties prevailed on him, to settle out of his own power her whole fortune, which was twelve thousand pounds, on her children,

dren, and in the following manner ; one half on her son *Oliver*, and the other half, which was three thousand pounds a piece, on *Ferdinand* and *Cordelia*.

Nicanor the more readily gave into this her request, which was indeed by no means unreasonable, as it freed his mind from future anxiety about his children; and left him his own estate free to engage himself in marriage, or to descend, should he make no second choice, on his eldest son.

Although *Nicanor* still loved his wife enough, strongly to feel her loss at first, yet was not his grief half equal to what it would have been, had he lost her before the birth of *Oliver*. He was always sensible of his own weakness, in not being able to contradict her, while she was destroying her own peace and her son's welfare : but when he had for some time given way to it, he could not then alter his behaviour without some degree of harshness, which it was impossible for him to exert toward a woman, who was the object

ject of his fondness. As he saw therefore that his misery was inevitable, either from the death of her favourite child, which from the weakness of his body was an event not unlikely, or from his life, which by her management and his own disposition was likely to be the plague and torment of all around him, he could not long lament a person's leaving this world, whose portion in it was likely to be only sorrow and vexation of spirit.

Nicanor on the death of his wife, took proper care of the education of all his children : for having real good sense, he could govern any thing but his own passions. And so great indeed was his love of pleasure and aversion to pain, that there were no lengths he would not go, either to attain the former, or to avoid the smallest degree of the latter for the present moment.

Although *Oliver* was now fourteen years old, and *Ferdinand* and *Cordelia* but twelve, yet was *Ferdinand* and his little sister so
much

much forwarder than their brother in the knowledge attainable by their years, that any person who had heard them all talking in another room, would have been persuaded that the words uttered by *Oliver* were spoken by the youngest child in the company.

Nicanor having lived a whole year in the country after his wife's death, amusing himself with the care and instruction of his children, now met with a gentleman who was very desirous that he would accompany him in the progress he intended to make, not only through all *Europe*, but into *Egypt* also.

This proposal was very agreeable to *Nicanor*, as he had at this time no immediate intentions of settling again in marriage, and his sons also were of a proper age to be sent to a public school. Having fixed them therefore at *Eton*, he placed his daughter under the care of an aunt, her mother's sister, who lived about five and twenty miles from *London*, was a widow.

widow with a moderate income, and every way qualified for such a charge. All things being thus fixed perfectly to his satisfaction, he set out with his friend for *Holland*, which was the first of their intended tour.

The life which the two boys led at school was as follows.

Oliver every day improved in his suspicious maxims. He led his life in defending himself against imaginary enemies; for, as he thought all his school-fellows were so wise as to endeavour to impose on him, he was resolved not to be outdone in wisdom, and played all the most artful cunning tricks he could invent. However as he was not quite a master of *Machiavel*, he was often found out, brought to shame, and sometimes he suffered punishment. Yet this only doubled his assiduity for spite and mischief, and made him exert his utmost cunning to prevent such discoveries.

The

The innocent *Ferdinand* improved in learning surprisingly for his age, and was beloved by all his companions, whose love was worth obtaining ; that is to say, by all who were capable of having an affection for the only true object of love. But *Oliver* made him the object of his hatred ; for he envied him, and could not bear the praises which his brother received for his learning, altho' he had neither attention or industry enough to attain to it himself. Yet did *Ferdinand* endeavour to endear himself to his brother, by every act of kindness and friendship that was in his power. But nothing can be a stronger picture of the life which *Oliver* lived with his companions, and the manner in which he received kindness, than a cat when 'tis offered any food. The suspicious animal first smells to it, then starts back several times, and seems to be thus ruminating with itself : “ Man is a mischievous animal ; for men betray and murder one another. 'Tis true, I have from this particular man often received great benefits ; but the wise are cautious.”

“ tious.” Exulting therefore in her own wisdom, puffs again smells to the offered meat, and having by her sagacious nose found it out to be wholesome food and not poison, she darts out her offensive weapons, snatches it away with her claws, and often draws blood from the hand of her benefactor. A stronger picture of the behaviour of *Oliver* than is shewn by this ungrateful cat it is impossible to draw; and yet how would he and all such characters burst with rage, in the midst of their fancy’d wisdom, if they thought any one dared to make such a comparison!

Five years being expired, *Nicanor* returned to *England*. He found his daughter now nineteen, improved equal to the expectations which her earlier years had given him; for ’tis impossible to form any thing more amiable than was the gentle *Cordelia*.

Oliver had left school two years, and had been all that time in a gentleman’s family,

family, a distant relation of *Nicanor's*, in the country. *Ferdinand* also had just left *Eton*, and was in the same house with his brother. *Nicanor* whilst he was abroad had given a loose to his natural disposition, had spared no expence in any thing that was for his pleasure or amusement, and had indeed greatly lessened his circumstances; but this, as his children were tolerably provided for, did not excessively concern him. His intention was to settle in the country, to take his daughter home to him, and to make also a home to his sons, in the vacation of any business or profession they might chuse to follow. But whilst he stay'd in *London* to settle his affairs, an accident happened which changed all his purposes, and was indeed the cause of all the future misfortunes of his family. He became acquainted with a lady whose name was *Cylinda*, and grew so enamoured of her person and charms, that he could not possibly break from her. *Nicanor* was now turned of forty-seven years old, but he had all the cheerfulness and spriteliness of youth without its levity.

He

He had a very good natural understanding, improved by every kind of polite literature and travel, which made him a most agreeable companion to such a woman as *Cylinda*. As she took no pains to disguise the real pleasure she found in his conversation, he had no doubt but his proposal of marriage (the only proposal he intended to make) would be readily accepted; but to his great surprize, the first time he addressed her on that subject, she forbid him positively ever to mention it again, and with so serious an air, that, as he was deeply in love with her, he conversed with her some time without having courage enough to risque her displeasure by disobeying her commands. But finding that, notwithstanding her prohibition to him from mentioning marriage, she conversed with him with as much freedom as ever, and with rather more appearance of liking; he imputed her first refusal to a resolution of not yielding the first time she was asked: he therefore mustered up courage once more to repeat to her his offer of marriage. On this *Cylinda* with a gravity

gravity and reserve unusual to her, and with a steadiness in her countenance, which shew'd her perfectly in earnest, replied to his proposal in these words: “ *Nicanor*, I
 “ have great cause to be displeased with
 “ you, for suspecting that in my refusal
 “ of marriage I was playing the com-
 “ mon trick of refusing, only to be more
 “ earnestly intreated ; when you know me
 “ better, you will find how much I de-
 “ spise such paltry arts. I now once more
 “ solemnly declare to you, that my resolu-
 “ tion is unalterably fixed never to marry :
 “ and unless you will promise never
 “ more even to think of matrimony, this
 “ is the last day of our acquaintance. A
 “ continuance of my friendship with you
 “ is only on those conditions.

Nicanor, who but the moment before had no one image in his head but marriage, now forgot he had ever heard of such a connexion ; and all other passions vanished from his breast, but his fear of losing the acquaintance of *Cylinda*. He could only therefore utter these words :
 “ On any conditions, on any conditions !”

Cylinda saw his confusion ; and as she had frowned him into terror, she now smiled him into peace, and left him to compose himself, saying, “ We are still friends, “ *Nicanor* ; but remember the conditions, “ from which I am determined never to “ recede.”

Cylinda’s smile when she quitted the room left *Nicanor* almost as well pleased as if she had granted his request : for the dread of losing her acquaintance, which her menace had raised in his mind, being now banished, joy naturally took its place ; and he was some time before he could make any reflexions on her uncommon conduct.

Nicanor was not of a temper to quit the pursuit of any pleasure, and especially where his whole heart and inclinations were so engaged, as in the enjoyment of *Cylinda*’s company ; and it would be needless to say of a man so agreeable as *Nicanor* could make himself, and of a woman of the turn we have described *Cylinda*, that they

they quitted not each other's company ; nor did the lady by any means recede from her declarations against the chains of marriage. *Cylinda* continued in her own lodgings, and *Nicanor* quitting his design of going into the country, took a small house in town ; for they were both agreed in the resolution of keeping the appearance at least of separate houses. The lady was desirous of keeping that reputation which she had hitherto preserved ; and *Nicanor* being the father of a family grown to men and women's estate, cared not publicly to lead a life, which however right he pleased to think it by his own rule of conscience, he should have been ashamed of towards his own children.

Nicanor called himself a christian, and perhaps thought himself so ; for he had not professed atheism or deism ; yet had it never entered into his head to obey the laws of God farther than he himself judged those commands to be moral ; and as to the manner in which he lived with *Cylinda*, he thought as it was injurious to

no one, and as they pleased themselves, it could not possibly be any crime. He had indeed in his first wife's time, whilst he was fond of her and had no inclination to be inconstant to her, look'd with a severe eye on all women, who by any means had been betrayed by men; but then it was because he looked on such women to be profligate; for he had no notion that any woman like *Cylinda*, from the beauty of morality, from the precepts of philosophy, or (what was to him a more pleasing thought) from a fix'd affection, could be constant to one man without the ties of matrimony. This, joined to the beauty of her person, and the spriteliness of her conversation, so enslav'd him in his affections to her, that, could all the kingdoms of the earth have been put in the balance against his living with her, like *Mark Antony* he would have given them up, and perished for the sake of a smile from his beloved *Cylinda*.

Notwithstanding *Nicanor* had persuaded himself, that there was neither crime nor
 — shame

shame in his manner of life, yet he could not bear the thought of his children's considering him at that age as a man of intrigue, without a secret pain ; and the moment any thought gave *Nicanor* pain, he could not rest till he had by some means removed it. His daughter *Cordelia* was happily placed with her aunt, and for letting her remain there he had many obvious excuses ; but the presence of his sons were thoroughly troublesome and irksome to him. They were now at a time of life to have been placed in some profession to have increased that fortune, which, altho' a very good foundation for any man to set out upon, and for the want of which many a man hath been kept his whole life at the bottom of a profession, to which he would have been an ornament if placed at the head, yet was far from an ample provision for idleness and independence. This *Nicanor* knew perfectly well ; and these thoughts would his fatherly affection for his sons have raised in his mind, had not that prevailing wish of his heart, his sons absence, borne

down all other considerations, and he was resolved at all events to send them out of *England*. Reading them a long lecture therefore on the advantages of seeing foreign countries, he strongly advised them, with as much œconomy as their fortunes would afford, to make the tour of *Europe*.

As soon as he had got rid of his sons, he gave a loose to his enjoying himself with the company of a woman, who, to say the truth, was by the force of beauty, wit, and vivacity, one of the most agreeable companions that 'tis possible for a pleasure-loving man to form. She had nothing profligate in her behaviour, was not vainly extravagant, and had an easy independent fortune of her own: so that one of those evils which too generally attend such an attachment, namely, the ruin of a man and his whole family, need not have been the consequence of his amour, had not *Nicanor*, intoxicated by his own passions, acted little otherwise than as a downright madman, and wrapped up
in

in luxurious enjoyments, lost all sense, feeling, and regard for any human creature but himself, or his *Cylinda*. The little remainder of his own fortune which he brought from abroad, he soon ran through, that is, he so far loaded an estate, which was not settled on his children, with mortgages, that it would bear no more.

Nicanor could not be so blind to outward circumstances, as not to find himself reduced to the necessity of holding his hand in those superfluous expences, which he had lavish'd away in costly entertainments, and profuse presents to his beloved *Cylinda*. This was a strong baulk to his pleasures: but when he found also that his circumstances were so desperate, that he could not well any longer conceal the truth from his mistress, his pain on that thought was almost intolerable. Then the consequence which must attend such a declaration (had he resolution enough to make it) being no other than his being kept by the bounty of *Cylinda*, gave such a twinge to his pride, that the world might, if in his

power, have fallen a sacrifice, rather than he would have submitted to what appear'd to him so very horrible. To borrow another farthing of strangers, his credit would not support: to ask his sons for money was impossible, for they were out of *England*: to take his daughter's fortune! the first thought of it excessively shock'd him, and he fancied that he would sooner suffer any misery, than by his extravagance expose a beloved daughter to those many insults, to which youth and beauty in distress of circumstances are liable. Now did his affection for his daughter make him in imagination run over all her past actions; and with pleasure did he reflect on those numberless amiable qualities which she possessed. Her filial duty, her gentleness of mind, and a noble generosity of disposition, which he had ever observed in her from her childhood, rose full in his view; but on those very amiable qualities a thought unluckily struck him, that she could not surely refuse to her father in distress some part of her fortune, which also he flattered himself he might on the sale of

of his estate find himself inabled to repay. With these thoughts floating in his mind, hardly indeed knowing his own intentions, he went into the country to make a visit to his sister and his daughter *Cordelia*.

His sister was abroad, and he found his daughter alone. Having something labouring in his breast, which he was in doubt whether to utter or conceal, he appeared more thoughtful than usual; the innocent *Cordelia* to please and amuse him, entertained him with as chearful prattle as she could collect; and having a genius, and a love to painting, she told her father that she begged him to accept a small performance of her art in that way; and taking it out of her pocket-book, she gave him a picture in water-colours, which she had copied from a fine original of *Rosa Alba*, and the subject was what is called the *Roman Charity*, that is, the figure of a beautiful young woman, who visiting her father in prison, where he was condemn'd to be starved to death, gave him from

her own breast a daily support. *Nicanor* struck with the subject, suddenly burst into tears. *Cordelia* had too much tender sagacity not instantly to guess the cause of his tears. And, having intreated his pardon for mentioning what he had never yet granted her permission to discourse on, she without the least hesitation begged him to relieve any distress of circumstances, (which her fears told her he might labour under) by taking any part, or the whole of that fortune which was call'd hers, and which she considered as of right due to his necessities. Overcome for the present with his daughter's excessive goodness, he cried out, God forbid, my child, that I should cruelly be the destruction of that innocence, which I am by so many ties bound to protect! But seeing his sister advancing towards them, he begged *Cordelia* to hide the concern which this conversation had occasion'd, and to conceal from her aunt what had passed between them; and after staying one night, he returned the next day to *London*.

On

On his return to town, return'd also his perplexities. No money was to be had, and therefore to him no pleasure. He sat himself down at last in order to write to his sons, and to tell them that a particular pressing occasion for money having happened, he begged they would supply him with what he wanted. This letter when he had finished, and thoroughly considered on the contents, made him appear very low in his own eyes. He found an absolute impossibility of declaring to his sons the use for which he wanted this money, namely, revelling in a way of life which he dared not to avow; and then the thought of his false pretences to borrow their money being ever discovered, and how mean he must appear before them on the discovery, hurt him too much even in apprehension. Yet all these difficulties, rather than not obtain what he so much wanted, would, we doubt not, have been got over, had not a readier way stole on his imagination. From his daughter he feared no prying enquiries into his manner of life; from her gentleness he feared no reproaches,

reproaches, not even by her looks ; and from her generosity a door was opened to him for an easy supply. Suppressing therefore all farther intruding thoughts about her future welfare, he took the liberty she had given him of using (one hundred pounds after another) as much of her fortune as was necessary to his pleasures. Altho' *Nicanor* in this manner lessen'd his daughter's fortune from three thousand to fifteen hundred pounds, yet on every sum he took did he make himself believe that it was the very last that he would touch for his own use; and after having lived on in this manner four years with *Cylinda*, and now every day expecting his sons at home, he had just brought himself as he thought to a resolution of declaring the whole truth to *Cylinda*, of telling her both his circumstances and family, which he had hitherto with the utmost reserve concealed, when an accident happened which overthrew all his resolutions, and drove him into a worse situation than he ever imagined himself in before. For *Cylinda* acquainted him with her having by the
 roguery

roguery of her agent lost her whole fortune, and shewed him at the same time a letter which threatened her with being immediately arrested, unless she paid the sum of a thousand pounds, which she confessed was due by a bond sign'd and seal'd under her own hand. So extravagant was *Nicanor's* passion for *Cylinda*, that the least image of any harm or inconvenience happening to her, made him like a madman. He knew his own inability to help her; but to declare it at such a time when he had hitherto appear'd to her rather in the light of a man of great affluence, must seem so like a poor evasion to get off when he was really wanted, that he could not bear the thought. He knew, that should he suffer her once to be arrested, he had no way to release her but by paying down the money; for 'twas not likely, should he offer it, that his bail would be taken for such a sum, at least without some person of known fortune to join with him; and where to find such a person was harder than to find the money. There was a time indeed when *Nicanor* had several friends who would
have

have been bail with him or for him, on his bare word of payment only, for twice that sum, as he was then held strictly to be a man of honour; but unluckily that was at a time when it was next to impossible that he should ask any one to shew to him such an act of friendship. It could hardly at present be said that he had any acquaintance with his friends; for by a kind of divining art, (like rats who leave a ship that is sinking) they had for some time foreseen that *Nicanor's* ruin was at hand, and therefore by dropping any converse with him, they very good-naturedly spared themselves the trouble of beholding so melancholy an event.

As paying the money therefore was the only method which to *Nicanor* appeared possible, for the keeping his beloved mistress out of prison (a thought which shock'd him more than would the death of all his family) he at once determined that it was better to prevent such a disaster, than to heal the blow after it was given.

His

His mind was too full of these various sensations, to suffer him to say scarcely any thing to *Cylinda* on the unlucky news she had told him with an apparent abruptness; therefore, after about an hour's silence, he left her, and said he would return to her with the money in a few hours time.

What enabled him to make such a promise was, that he that very day expected his daughter in town to pay him a visit. When he came home to his own house, and on enquiry found that *Cordelia* was not arrived, it is impossible to describe the tumultuous anxiety of his mind. He flew home with eager haste to meet his daughter, in order to have the means of saving his *Cylinda* from what he thought perdition. But having time for reflexion, he began to rejoice that *Cordelia*'s absence prevented him from breaking the promise he had made to himself, of touching no more of her money. On this he sat down eagerly to write to his sons; for *Cylinda*'s distress was still uppermost, enough to make him
bent

bent on relieving it : but no sooner was such a letter begun, than recollecting the great distance they were at, his fancy was again haunted with the frightful picture of *Cylinda's* being arrested before he could receive any answer. Then did his daughter again return to his thoughts, and he hardly knew whether he most wished or feared her coming into his house. In this excessive struggle in his mind, shame so prevailed, that he could not bear the thoughts of seeing *Cordelia's* face ; he therefore sat down, and in a tremor, in which he could hardly hold his pen, wrote a letter, which he intended to leave for her against she came, and to fly to some place or other to avoid her sight. He was in such a hurry to get over the sum which he wanted, that instead of writing it in words at length, he set it down in figures ; and not only so, but in his hurry he omitted one of the cyphers, and instead of desiring her to take up for him 1000 *l.* he said he had occasion for 100 *l.* He had written no farther of his letter than mentioning the sum, when *Cordelia* entered the room, hastening with joy
to

joy to have her father's blessing. *Nicanor's* countenance at that instant very little indicated the pleasure which might naturally be expected in any father, on seeing such a daughter; but on the contrary, from the consciousness of what he was doing, and from vexation at being thus surprised into an interview which he intended to avoid, his eyes flash'd with a mixture of fear and anger.

Cordelia, shock'd at so unexpected a reception from her father, fearing that he was for some reason highly displeased with her, stood like one astonish'd. At last, with a faltering voice, she said, " I hope, Sir, I have by no inadvertent step offended." Here *Nicanor* interrupting her, took hold of her hand, and reply'd, "'Tis impossible, I think, for the image of offence, and my *Cordelia*, ever to arise together in my mind; I was only vexed, my child, at an accident which hath happened. My best friend is arrested on my account, and must go to prison unless I can supply a timely relief. The vexation which

" I

“ I felt at being obliged to take any more
 “ of your fortune, was the cause of that
 “ anxiety which you mistook for anger.
 “ I was just writing a letter to you, *Corde-*
 “ *lia.*” Not being able to proceed any far-
 ther, he gave the letter which he had be-
 gun into his daughter’s hand ; which no
 sooner did *Cordelia* receive, than a sudden
 joy flush’d into her countenance, to find
 that her father’s anxiety arose from no other
 cause than what was in her power to
 relieve.

The tender heart of *Cordelia* could not
 see in distress any one she loved, without
 using any means in her power for their re-
 lief, without considering also by what means
 that distress arose. The imprudence of her
 father, and his attachment to *Cylinda*, had
 been for some time no secret to *Cordelia*.

For there was a lady, who imagining
Nicanor a rich prize, had laid forth all her
 allurements to engage him in marriage ;
 not for any real liking, but with a prudent
 intention of prevailing with him, under the
 sanction.

sanction of the law, to pillage as much as possible from his children, in order to heal her own broken fortunes. As soon as she found the badness of his circumstances, she rejoiced in her escape : but when she heard *Nicanor* had a mistress in private, and fear'd that her allurements had failed from his attachment to some other more powerful charms, her jealous rage made her use all manner of dirty means to pry into this secret amour. And having from the servants fished out the real truth, namely, that *Cylinda* was a woman of an independent fortune, of such decency of behaviour that the very people of the house could not tell whether *Nicanor's* visits meant more than pure friendship ; yet her zeal for *Nicanor's* poor children made her tell *Cordelia*, that her father was cruelly ruining them all, by supporting an extravagant ugly baggage, who she doubted not would impoverish him, so as to bring him to a goal ; and 'twas well if she did not excite him to some wicked deed, which would bring him to the gallows. *Cordelia* could not stop the first volley of her tongue ; but she would
never

never afterwards suffer either her or any one else to mention it any more, as hearing such tales was, in her opinion, a mark of disrespect to her father. *Cordelia* had none of the water of *Lethe* to drive this knowledge from her breast, and her father's imprudence and misfortunes fill'd her heart with secret sorrow ; yet the least hint of such her knowledge never dropp'd from her tongue ; nor did she, for her own convenience, use that common method of stifling her concern for his necessities, by reflecting on the imprudent measures from whence they arose. She begg'd her father to have no fears on her account, but if he wanted it, that he would take all that remain'd of her fortune, for she looked upon it as his own ; and she could never do any thing with it, which could give her greater happiness than his making use of it.

Nicanor charg'd her on his blessing to take up no more than he had mention'd in his letter ; and the same reason which had made him before mistaken in the setting down the sum, made him now omit a repetition

petition of what he could but just indure to think on. *Cordelia* made no reply; for as she did not think of letting her father have this money by way of gift, she could not talk the language of bestowing, so much as to press him to accept of more than he wanted. The image of her own property was not uppermost in her thoughts; she look'd on what she was doing as an act of duty; and therefore chearfully hasten'd to obey her father's commands.

As soon as *Cordelia* was gone to her banker's to fetch the money, *Nicanor* was again seized with one of those violent struggles in the mind which is not far from temporary distraction. He left his own house, intending to fly to *Cylinda*, but considering that he had nothing more to say than to renew the promise he had before made of bringing her the money, and finding his mind too much ruffled to enjoy any chearful pleasure, like a wandering ghost he traversed the streets from one end of the town to the other, hardly knowing what he did, or where he went; sometimes
 resolving

resolving yet to drop his purpose of thus robbing his daughter, yet dreading to see *Cylinda's* face with such shame as disappointment would bring; more dreading to encounter the tender looks of his gentle *Cordelia*; and in this agony of mind did he wander about for near five hours, till recollecting that his daughter and his servants would think him lost, or some harm come to him, he ventured home.

As soon as he entered his house, his servant told him that his daughter *Cordelia* was gone out of town, and had left a letter for him. The occasion of which was as follows.

Cordelia came to town to visit her father, which he permitted her to do as often as she pleased, and was as usual to have returned into the country the next morning: but when she came back from her banker's, she found at her father's house a messenger, who was come from her aunt to beg her immediate return, if she ever wished to see her alive, for she had been taken violently ill just after *Cordelia* left her. *Cordelia*

delia waited some time in hopes of her father's coming home; but as every minute seemed an hour from her impatience to be with her aunt, who was not less dear to her than if she had been her mother; she wrote a letter, begging her father to excuse her in not waiting for his return, and in the letter she enclosed a bank note for a hundred pounds, which she imagined was the sum he had desired of her.

When *Nicanor* opened the letter, and saw a bank note, notwithstanding the struggle he had before felt, an unbounded joy flow'd in upon his mind, from reflecting on the pleasure with which he should now fly to his *Cylinda*; his absence from whom had in reality given him more than half the pain he had indured: but on perceiving the sum to be one hundred instead of one thousand pounds, his disappointment made him give way to the utmost rage against the poor innocent cause of that disappointment. As he could not know the mistake which he himself had made, he began to accuse *Cordelia* with having feign'd this sickness of her aunt's in order to avoid his sight, after
 she

she had been guilty of so paltry a trick as putting him off with one hundred instead of a thousand pounds. The long experience he had had of *Cordelia's* being incapable of such an action, had no chance for being thought of in her favour: for when once a man whose sole pursuit is his own indulgence, meets with any baulk to his pleasures, his hatred rises against every such obstacle to his favourite pursuit. Besides, another very unfortunate circumstance for poor *Cordelia* was, that he could not take the blame from her without throwing it on a person much dearer to him, namely, himself; for granting it to be no trick and contrivance, but only a mistake; if it was not hers, it was his own, which he could by no means admit to be possible. And whilst he could suppose her guilty even of such a mistake, he at the same time supposed her void of that earnestness to serve him, which she had in reality always shewn. It was with no very favourable thoughts towards his daughter then, that he determined to post down after her with the utmost speed, to get the mistake

take rectified. He wrote a note and sent it directly to *Cylinda*, to acquaint her that a little accident had happened to prevent his return so soon as he intended, but before the evening was over he would certainly bring her the money.

But as it once again, before he set out, came into his head, that this might be no mistake, but that his daughter might be, perhaps, determined to hold her hand, and would not let him have the sum he required; he was resolved not to see *Cylinda's* face without the money: and left word therefore with his servant, that he did not know when he should return home. For he was indeed determined in his mind, if his daughter disappointed him, to go directly abroad to his sons; and if baulk'd in his expectations there, never to return to *England* any more.

Nicanor's note to *Cylinda*, which promised his return to her that evening, was perfectly inconsistent with what he told his own servant, of not knowing when he

should return : but his reason for writing
 such a note to *Cylinda* was, first because
 he could not bear to give her the pain of
 even the least prospect of a disappointment ;
 and besides, that he made no doubt of
 overtaking *Cordelia* before she was gone
 many miles, imagining his own ardent
 wishes would outfly every thing. But
Cordelia's anxious desire to see her kind re-
 lation, outflaw his utmost speed, and she
 arrived at her aunt's house about an hour
 after sun-set, and to her great joy found her
 in a manner in perfect health : for her com-
 plaint was indeed a kind of fit or falling
 sickness, to which she was subject, and
 which as soon as it went off, left her near
 as well as before she was taken. They had
 scarcely supped, when they were excessively
 surpris'd by the arrival of *Nicanor*, who
 being told on enquiring for his sister, that
 she was very well, suffered all his suspici-
 ons against his daughter to return ; and on
 entering the room, he commanded *Cordelia*
 to attend him immediately to *London*. Her
 aunt, astonish'd at *Nicanor's* wild behaviour,
 begged to know what had happened which
 could

could occasion such a command, and intreated him at least to delay his journey till the next morning, if it was but in pity to her niece who had just come off such a journey, and could scarcely undertake such a fatigue as would be an immediate return to *London*. He answered his sister, with no great mildness, that he should not publish his private affairs to all the world; and that he thought himself the best judge what was fit for his own daughter to do; but if she chose not to obey his commands, as she knew she was independent, he would instantly return without her.

Poor *Cordelia* hesitated not a moment on obeying her father's commands; but was excessively grieved to see him speak with a sternness with which he was unaccustomed to treat her, and for which she could not in the least guess the cause.

As soon as *Nicanor* and *Cordelia* were driven from the door, the former began (not without a great deal of roughness) to mention the disappointment he had met with

from her note of a hundred pounds, which he had in his letter desired might be a thousand. *Cordelia* assured him that one hundred was all that he had mentioned; for it was with the utmost care she attended to the sum, that being the principal thing in the letter. She was very sorry, she said, that she had no method of clearing her innocence but by the most sincere protestations; for she confess'd she had burn'd his letter as soon as she had comply'd with its contents.

But unlucky was it for poor *Cordelia*, that from her own generosity in putting it out of the power of chance to discover what had pass'd only between herself and her father, (which was her true motive for burning his letter) she was look'd on as the cause of every uneasy hour pass'd by that mistaken, infatuated, may it not be said ungrateful father, to the end of his life.

Nicanor was at last convinced that his daughter meant not to disappoint him; but that the mistake was her's and not his own,

own, he was resolutely bent to believe. However, as he now view'd his horses heads moving towards *London*, a circumstance which gave him no small pleasure, his wrath was somewhat abated; and after condemning *Cordelia* for a carelessness, which he persisted in laying at her door, he told her he could not long be angry with any one for a fault, where there was in the bottom no ill intention.

O generous *Nicanor*! and happy *Cordelia*! to have a father who could forgive a fault, of which her love to him made her utterly incapable!

But now an accident happened, that moved in *Nicanor* some few of those fatherly sparks of affection, which the reader may think had for some time been pretty much stifled.

It was a fine moon-shine night, and they were got on their journey about eighteen miles; when, entering into a town within twelve miles of *London*, the post-boy,

either through carelessness or the deceitful light of the moon, ran the chaise up upon a bank, and overturn'd them with such violence, that *Cordelia* received such a blow on her head, as entirely stunn'd her senses, and *Nicanor* almost lost his own, with the dreadful apprehensions that she was bereft of life.

He carried her in his arms into the middle of the town, roused the people at one of the inns, and on finding both warmth and breath in his unhappy daughter, they got a surgeon to let her blood, which restored her again to some degree of life. They then put her into a warm bed, and *Nicanor* sat by her bed-side in such agonies, considering the real occasion of the accident, that is easier to be imagined than express'd.

After some hours of sound sleep, she found herself greatly refresh'd, but by no means able to pursue her journey. Nor had *Nicanor* so far lost all feeling or tenderness, as not to remain with her all that day and the

the next night ; when the following day before noon, she found herself so well, that she begg'd to accompany her father, as he first intended, to *London*.

As soon as they arrived in town, *Cordelia* being tolerably well recover'd, hastened to rectify the mistake which had given her father so much uneasiness. And *Nicanor*, fearing that from his absence what he intended to prevent might have happened to his *Cylinda*, and that more therefore than the bare sum might be necessary, bad his daughter take up twelve hundred, instead of a thousand pounds. As soon as this money was in his possession, the swiftness of thought would scarcely paint the speed with which he flew to *Cylinda's* lodgings. But what was his surprisè when the woman of the house told him that the lady had paid off her lodgings and was gone the evening before, without leaving any word to what place she was removed, only declaring that she should return thither no more !

Gone! (said *Nicanor*) impossible! How? when? whither? and with whom did she go?

She went (reply'd the woman) last night, sir, as I have already told you, and in a coach with a gentleman: but where she is gone, no-body in this house knows, I believe, but her own maid, whom she bid to follow her as soon as she had pack'd up all her things.

Where is her maid? cry'd *Nicanor*, let me speak to her this moment.

Indeed, sir, answers the landlady, you are unluckily a quarter of an hour too late even for that; for it was not longer ago that the maid in a hackney coach drove from the door, and bid the coachman go to the top of the street, and then she would tell him whither he was to carry her.

Nicanor's fears were now alarm'd to the utmost; for he doubted not but the lawyer had put his threat of an arrest in execution.

—Gone!

—Gone! (therefore repeated he) and with some men! Pray, madam, how look'd the barbarous ruffians that forced the poor lady from your house?

I believe, sir, reply'd the good woman, you very much mistake the case: I mention'd no more than one man, and such indeed I can scarcely call him, for his blooming cheeks and fair complexion vied with even those of the lady herself. I never in my life beheld so sweet a figure; he was exactly, sir, like that picture of *Adonis*, which you presented the lady *Cylinda* to hang in her bed-chamber. Damnation! cry'd *Nicanor* (for he could hardly contain himself within any bounds) I wanted not to hear a fine description, woman; I asked if you knew the gentleman, in hopes to trace the lady, for I have business to communicate to her of the utmost importance; and I am certain she must leave some message for me, in case I should call after she was gone.

Upon the word of an honest woman, sir, said the woman of the house, the lady left no such message, but rather seemed to take the utmost precautions, as did her servant after her, to avoid being traced.

Did not the man look like a lawyer ? said *Nicanor* ; are you sure he used no threats ?

Whether from a good-natured desire of removing those fears which *Nicanor*'s expressions pretty plainly shewed, or whether from the malicious pleasure some few people take in plaguing their fellow-creatures, we pretend not to declare ; for matters of fact are at present chiefly our view : but the landlady left nothing unsaid, which might convince *Nicanor* that the lady went off with the prettiest young fellow she ever beheld, and perfectly voluntarily. Her discourse failed not indeed thoroughly to remove *Nicanor*'s first fear, but placed in its room such another, or rather such a certainty, as made him return in such a disposition of mind, that like the mighty monarch in the tragedy of *Tom Thumb*,

Thumb, he would gladly have ordered the prisons to be shut up, &c. and the school-masters severely to have whipped all their boys.

Nicanor, notwithstanding he had good reason to believe that *Cylinda* desired not to be followed, went to every place where he could imagine it possible to hear any news of her ; but all in vain : and almost mad with disappointment that *Cylinda* was gone, he returned at past twelve at night to his own house. *Cordelia* was to set out very early the next morning for her aunt's in the country, much before *Nicanor*'s time of rising. She sat up therefore waiting for his coming home, hoping now all mistakes were rectify'd, that she should, with an indulgence and good-humour, which she had sometimes experienced from him, receive her father's blessing. But the rage within *Nicanor*'s mind must have some vent ; and the dutiful innocent *Cordelia* was the only object in his way, on whom he could bestow it. On his entering the room, *Cordelia* grieved still to see a cloud.

cloud upon his brow, his cheeks also as pale almost as death itself, asked him with anxious concern if he was not well: he answered, that health was the least of his concern, but he could only say that he was ruined and undone, for the greatest misfortune in the world had befallen him; and her careless and silly mistakes were the cause of it. — She humbly begged to know what misfortune had befallen him. On which he said, he supposed she wanted to sift out his affairs, in order to upbraid him for his conduct, or perhaps to talk of it to her companions. *Cordelia* took no notice of so cruel and unjust a suspicion, the harshness of which went to her very soul, but still continued to entreat her father to let her know, if 'twas in her power by any labour, by any sufferings, to remove his great anxiety. To this he only answered, that he wanted no more of her management; and if he had not been fool enough to have depended upon her, he had been now a happy man. — *Cordelia* finding every thing she said, or could say, thus unkindly misinterpreted; and having

no hopes of being able by the softest and gentlest words to give any pleasure to her father, remained some time in silent sorrow; a tear now and then stealing from her eyes without her consent, which she contrived so to wipe off, that *Nicanor* should not see she wept: for it had been long her custom, whatever befell her, to be all chearfulness before her father, as she knew her chearfulness always gave him pleasure. But little necessity was there at present for poor *Cordelia's* caution; as *Nicanor* was in such a disposition of mind, that her chearfulness would have been by him called impertinent mirth; and from her tender tears of sorrow she would have been accused of blubbering, from the pride and stubbornness of her heart. The result was, that with a heavy heart at seeing her father's grief and displeasure, she went out of town the next morning as she intended; nor did *Nicanor* in the least think of detaining her, for her absence was what he at present most wanted, in order to be at liberty to follow his own schemes and inventions. The money which he had taken
up

up to secure *Cylinda*, as he imagined, from being forcibly taken from him to a prison, he now employed in the most assiduous search to recover her once more to his acquaintance: for the thought that she had willingly deserted him, was too painful for him often to admit it into his bosom; but whenever in its turn it found a place there, then did he storm and rave at the levity and inconstancy of women; all the general invectives that ever were written against them would he repeat; and whenever he had worked himself into a general rage against the whole sex, poor *Cordelia* never failed of coming in for a large share of that anger; as her supposed mistake was to him the only cause of all the uneasiness he felt. Yet now and then a thought would struggle to arise in his mind, tending to shew him that his own selfish extravagance, with an indulgence of a passion unbefitting a man of his years with such a family, was the true cause of all his misfortunes; nay more, that his anger to *Cordelia*, supposing the mistake hers, was perfectly cruel and unreasonable: but this like all other struggles

gles gave him great pain, and then was treated as he would all pain, driven off with the utmost speed. *Nicanor* had not resolution enough to suffer a moment's uneasiness that he could avoid ; and therefore instead of putting himself into the hands of that skilful surgeon *Reason* to probe his wounds to the bottom, he always employed that quack *Fallacy* to plaister them over at the top, and left the rotten part at the bottom to shift for itself.

Two months were employed in his search after *Cylinda*, but to no purpose. Messengers after messengers were sent to all parts of *England*, and no expence did he spare in this most vain and trifling of all his foolish extravagances. Having thus squandered away great part of the money he had last taken up ; and from his despair of recovering *Cylinda* beginning to turn his reflexion a little on his future means of subsistence, a thought struck him which is too apt to present itself to men in his desperate situation, and this was no other than a gaming table. The mortgage on his estate for want of interest being paid

was foreclosed; and so far was he from receiving any overplus (with which he had a long time flattered his hopes, and made himself believe that he should replace his daughter's fortune) that he was a thousand pounds in debt. The money remaining out of the twelve hundred pounds was not half equal to the discharging this debt; and to take the very small remainder in his daughter's hands, he could not now think of, especially as it would have been still insufficient for his purpose. He knew very well that his sister's income was only for life, and therefore on her death *Cordelia* would be destitute of support. Altho' his daughter held not the same place in his affection as before that unlucky mistake of his, which obstinately passed in his mind for hers, yet could he not well bear the thought of a young woman, and so handsome a young woman as *Cordelia*, being thrown in such a manner on the world without horror; and altho' his affection was subsided, yet his pride was piqued at the prospect of his own daughter's being forced into a servile situation, or tempted to infamy.

To

To the gaming table therefore he flies, by which he had already in his vain imagination retrieved all the errors of his life, and gained an ample provision for himself and family. — The event is too common, too certain, as he unhappily fell amongst a set of sharpers, to need being related.

When he was thus reduced to the last shilling he had in the world, all his debts still unpaid, his son *Ferdinand* unexpectedly arrived at his door.

Never did father receive a son with greater joy than *Nicanor* received *Ferdinand*; and *Ferdinand* was no less delighted with such a reception from his father. *Nicanor* doubted not for the moment, but that his pleasure arising on the sight of *Ferdinand*, was owing to his paternal love for him, of which indeed there was some mixture: but when a man hath once given way to such an extravagant passion as *Nicanor* had for *Cylinda*, whether the woman be a mistress or a wife, all other affections
and

and attachments grow excessively cool. 'Tis pretty certain also, that where the object of a man's pleasure is the chief object of his love (that love too solely founded on her being the object of his pleasure) every small portion of affection which he can spare, to brothers, sisters, parents, grown-up children, or friends, is only in proportion to the use or service they may be able to render him in any light : but chiefly in the gratification of his favourite pleasure. As soon therefore as *Ferdinand* had told his father, that he must beg his forgiveness for having so much neglected his advice, as imprudently to have reduced his fortune greatly for the time he had been abroad ; the hope of such relief as *Nicanor* expected being partly destroyed, his joy at his son's arrival was greatly diminished, and the inward turn of his mind from pleasure to uneasiness, was very visible by the sudden change of his countenance.

Nicanor never felt a disappointment, but his mind was immediately filled with anger against

against the person who was the cause of such disappointment, without the least consideration whether there was or was not any real blame in the person who was so unhappy as to baulk his greedy expectations.—— This we mention as being (we hope at least) an uncommon peculiarity of temper in *Nicanor*.— For were such dispositions common, what would avail the most tender love, the most assiduous duty, the most friendly diligence, should our sincere endeavours chance to fail of their desired success!

Ferdinand was excessively grieved at seeing the anger of his father's brow on this confession. He begged his permission to relate in as short a manner as possible, all that had happened to him in his travels; “ And then I trust, sir, (said he,) I shall not “ appear quite inexcusable in your eyes.

Nicanor on the last words of *Ferdinand*, conceived some hope that his affairs were not so bad as his fears at first made him apprehend; and slackening the severity of
his

his look, he bad him proceed with his narration.

“ When my brother *Oliver* and I went
 “ abroad (said *Ferdinand*) we travelled
 “ through *Holland, France* and *Italy*; mak-
 “ ing all the observations we thought ne-
 “ cessary for improvement, in every coun-
 “ try through which we passed. Our stay
 “ at each particular place was extremely
 “ short, altho’ we often returned back
 “ again to the same cities in which we
 “ had before resided. My brother *Oliver*,
 “ by whose inclinations in those points I
 “ was entirely directed, was indeed in so
 “ dejected low-spirited a way, that I feared
 “ he was going into some lingering distem-
 “ per : I was very glad therefore to com-
 “ ply with his restless desire of moving
 “ from one place to another, in hopes of
 “ contributing something both to his health
 “ and pleasure.

“ While we were in *Rome* about two years
 “ ago, we became acquainted with an
 “ *English* gentleman of a large fortune,
 “ who

" who was very desirous that I would
 " travel with him into *Turkey* through
 " *Greece*, into *Persia*, and indeed over al-
 " most all the known parts of the world;
 " and this he promised to make perfectly
 " easy to me, from taking on himself the
 " whole burthen of the expence. This
 " proposal was so very agreeable and ad-
 " vantageous, that I should not even have
 " hesitated on the acceptance of it: but
 " *Oliver* expressed so much uneasiness at
 " the thought of my going away, and
 " leaving him to return home by himself,
 " adding also that he was certain he should
 " not live long, and intreating me there-
 " fore by my brotherly affection for him,
 " not to forsake him in the weak condi-
 " tion he was in, that I begged the gentle-
 " man to excuse my not accepting his
 " kind offer: which however he did not
 " excuse; for being of a very odd temper,
 " he took my refusal so extremely ill,
 " that he would not speak to me after-
 " wards.

" The

“ The stay of this *English* gentleman at
 “ *Rome* was much longer than he at first
 “ intended; for when I refused to accom-
 “ pany him on his travels I imagined that
 “ he was setting out as the next week, but
 “ it was some months before he pursued
 “ his intended voyage. My brother *Oliver*
 “ on my determination not to accompany
 “ the *English* gentleman, was very earnest
 “ with me that we should directly return
 “ back into *France*, to which I readily con-
 “ sented; but the next day he changed
 “ his mind, and seemed full as desirous of
 “ our longer stay in *Rome*, to which also
 “ I made no sort of objection, being di-
 “ rected, as I before said, intirely by his in-
 “ clinations. At the end of three months
 “ my brother told me, that he was going
 “ to communicate to me what he believed
 “ would a good deal surprize me; which
 “ was, that the *English* gentleman who had
 “ offered some time ago to take me with
 “ him in his travels, had that day (as he
 “ met him by accident in the street) made
 “ the very same proposal to him; and
 “ that knowing the oddness of his temper,
 “ he

“ he had at once agreed to the acceptance
 “ of an offer which was so very agreeable.
 “ *Oliver* told me, that he hoped I had opi-
 “ nion enough of his honour to believe him
 “ incapable of acting in any underhand way
 “ towards obtaining the favour of a man,
 “ who had by his former behaviour to me
 “ shewn himself to be plainly govern’d by
 “ caprice and whim. But, still farther to
 “ convince me how little this agreeable ex-
 “ cursion was of his own seeking, he would
 “ still, if I desired it, revoke the promise
 “ he had given to the gentleman of
 “ setting out with him the very next
 “ morning. He confessed, he said, that to
 “ accompany this gentleman in his travels
 “ would be the greatest pleasure to him in
 “ the world, and would he believed con-
 “ tribute to the establishment of his health:
 “ but still rather than I should suspect him
 “ of a mean treachery, which his very
 “ foul abhorr’d, he was ready to give up
 “ any satisfaction of his own, if his losing
 “ such an advantage would be any pleasure
 “ to me. I told him that I wondered he
 “ could suppose I harbour’d any such sus-
 “ picion

" picion of him, and assured him that his
 " pleasing himself and recovering his health,
 " was what of all things I most earnestly
 " wish'd and desir'd. The next day there-
 " fore my brother set out with his friend ;
 " and as soon as I had made myself perfect
 " master of the *Italian* language, I intended
 " returning into *England*. I happened just at
 " this time to meet with a young gentle-
 " man named *Drusus* whose conversation
 " was perfectly agreeable, and whose whole
 " heart and soul seemed by all his senti-
 " ments to bear such an exact resemblance
 " to my own, that in a short time we con-
 " tracted the most intimate friendship.
 " We travelled together towards *Paris*,
 " where his affairs, he said, would oblige
 " him to make some stay ; and as I had no
 " particular call to any other place, I was
 " extremely glad to remain with him as
 " long as it would suit with his conveni-
 " ence or pleasure. But after about two
 " months residence in *Paris*, my friend
 " appear'd to be oppress'd with the deepest
 " melancholy ; and on my enquiring the
 " cause, he with the most seeming relu-
 " ciance

“ stance, was prevailed on at last to de-
 “ clare that his melancholy arose from
 “ distress in circumstances. And since he
 “ had gone so far, he would, he said, lay
 “ open the whole truth of his very un-
 “ happy life, which he had hitherto con-
 “ ceal’d, in order to spare me the pain
 “ which such a recital would give. He
 “ then inform’d me that he had been left an
 “ easy independent fortune by an uncle, but
 “ had ruin’d himself by supporting the ex-
 “ travagance of the worst of fathers.

Here *Nicanor* with great heat said, You
 should not have contracted a friendship with
 any man who could speak thus disrespect-
 fully of his father.

“ It was, sir, (reply’d *Ferdinand*) his
 “ tender manner of repeating those circum-
 “ stances in his father’s life, which were
 “ necessary towards informing me in his
 “ history, that endear’d him still more to
 “ me, and gain’d from me an unlimi-
 “ ted credit to his story: for never did
 “ *Drusus* utter one disrespectful word of a

“ man, whose behaviour deserved not from
 “ his son the generosity and duty which he
 “ related of himself towards his father, and
 “ by whose means, according to his own
 “ account, he was totally impoverish’d.
 “ Yet it was not his own poverty, he said,
 “ that he was unable to bear, but he con-
 “ fess’d that he had a wife, a beautiful
 “ young creature, who by marrying him
 “ had disobliged all her friends: and altho’
 “ when she was of age, she would have a
 “ claim to an ample fortune; yet so great
 “ was their present distress, that he had
 “ just now received a letter from her, to
 “ say that she was ready to lie in at a lit-
 “ tle village, where she was obliged to stop
 “ in her intended journey to meet him at
 “ *Paris*, and that she was at that time void
 “ also of common necessities for her
 “ support.

“ Poor wretch, (cry’d *Nicanor*) what
 “ must he feel for the distresses of a belo-
 “ ved woman, whom it was not in his
 “ power to support! You could not, my
 “ boy,

“ boy, refuse him a supply on so urgent, so
 “ tender an occasion !

“ I hope, sir, reply'd *Ferdinand*, that I
 “ have not a heart incapable of being mo-
 “ ved by a friend's distress : but not to dwell
 “ long on the relation of what gives me the
 “ utmost pain to think on, as it hath half
 “ damp'd the pleasure I could propose in
 “ any future confidence or friendship ;
 “ this *Drusus* was the most artful of men ;
 “ he formed his story specious in all its
 “ circumstances, perfectly calculated to
 “ move my compassion, and to impose on
 “ my generosity, and in conclusion bor-
 “ rowed of me a thousand pounds. The
 “ very next day he left *Paris*, and I was
 “ soon convinced from undoubted evidence,
 “ that he was a most notorious cheat, and
 “ had assumed several different shapes, and
 “ invented several different stories, adapt-
 “ ed to impose on the generous and open-
 “ hearted.

Now *Nicanor's* compassion for *Drusus*
 was flown, and with a frown he said, “ that

“ had *Drusus*’s story been true, something
 “ had indeed been due to his necessities.
 “ But you are very little qualified, *Ferdi-*
 “ *nand*, (said he) to go through the world,
 “ if you cannot guard yourself against com-
 “ mon cheats and impostures.

“ I am very sensible, sir, said *Ferdinand*,
 “ that I may incur censure for want of
 “ prudence and proper caution ; but had
 “ you known *Drusus*, had you heard his
 “ artful tale, you must have condemned
 “ me for want of friendship and feeling, had
 “ I not complied with his request. Be-
 “ sides I considered, that should I by his
 “ death or misfortunes (for his treachery I
 “ never suspected) lose the whole sum
 “ which I had advanced for his service, I
 “ should hurt or distress no one but my-
 “ self; for I had the happiness to know
 “ that you, sir, were in easy circumstances
 — here *Nicanor* sighed — “ that my
 “ sister also is well provided for. — Here
Nicanor looked wild, frowned, and mut-
 tered the word, fool. — “ Pardon me, sir,
 “ said *Ferdinand*, altho’ I love my sister
 “ with

“ with a brotherly affection, yet have I
 “ always considered a moderate provision
 “ as a greater blessing than such heaps of
 “ wealth, as tend only to make the owners
 “ a prey for designing men. ’Twas on
 “ that consideration, sir, that I termed my
 “ sister well provided for : and as to my
 “ brother, his prudence will never suffer
 “ him to want any assistance.

Nicanor peevishly bad him spare his observations and reflexions, and proceed with his story.

“ I have nothing farther, sir, to add, said
 “ *Ferdinand*, but that in a few days after
 “ the departure of *Drusus*, I left *France* in
 “ order, as you see me here, to pay my
 “ duty, and to receive your blessing.

Nicanor now finding that he had heard the worst, and that his son, altho’ he had lessened his fortune, had sufficient remaining for his present relief, kindly embraced him ; and told him that he was sincerely glad to see him safely returned. “ But I am

“ extremely sorry, my son, to acquaint you,
 “ (said he) that you are come to be a melan-
 “ choly witness to your father’s misfortunes
 “ and distress.” *Ferdinand* alarm’d by these
 words, and seeing also the fix’d melan-
 choly which appeared in the face of *Ni-*
canor, begged to know of what kind such
 distress and misfortunes were, and if in
 his power to relieve. In short, *Ferdinand*
 and *Cordelia* were so truly twins in their
 minds, as well as by birth, that it would
 be a tedious repetition to relate what *Fer-*
dinand felt, or how he acted on hearing of
 his father’s circumstances. Nor could the
 fear of any consequences for himself have
 the least chance for making him keep any
 thing in his own possession, of which his
 father stood in need.

Ferdinand from having been sent abroad
 (which *Nicanor* did from a desire of getting
 rid of both his sons) was now in that most
 unhappy of all situations, a gentleman
 both by birth and education, with parts
 capable by application of making a figure,
 at an age in which he ought to be entered
 on

on business or some profession ; yet thrown so much back in the world, that it must be some years before any thing he could pursue would yield him the least advantage, void also of the means for almost common subsistence, till he could be enabled reputably to subsist himself.

As soon as *Nicanor's* debts were paid by *Ferdinand*, he lived on in the same house with him on the small remainder of his fortune, till he could turn himself to any profession, or find means for his own and his father's future support. But it was not above a month before they had an addition to their family, by the coming home of *Cordelia* ; who as her aunt was just dead, wanted that protection which a father is most proper to give. She had not been long with her father in *London*, before a man in very great circumstances liked her so well, as to make a proposal of marriage to her father. He asked not her fortune, nor desired any, he said, but would make whatever settlements they should require. Now was *Nicanor's* heart greatly elated

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with joy, for he wanted not affection enough for his daughter to wish to see her happy ; or with more propriety may we say, to see her rich : for as to happiness he could not expect there would be much in a marriage between two persons so thoroughly opposite in their dispositions, as was this man and the gentle *Cordelia*. *Ruffinus*, for that was his name, had acquired great wealth by business, and was still in a way by merchandise of doubling and trebling his fortune. His person was by no means disagreeable ; yet if report belied him not, nothing could be more sordid than his mind, or more void of every thing that is truly amiable. He kept in his house a brother who had fail'd in business as his book-keeper ; and fewer privileges did that brother enjoy, than he would have given his father's butler, if he had been qualified for the office. His only sister, whose outward deformity, poor girl, had prevented her ever hoping for any other protection, lived with him as his house-keeper : and how she lived need not be told, since it was with a brother, who worth near a plumb could suffer

suffer his sister to remain in that situation.

Nicanor knew all these family circumstances, yet dwelt so strongly to *Cordelia* on the excessive liberality of his proposal to her, that she plainly perceived her father's whole heart and soul to be bent upon this match. *Nicanor* urged to his daughter, that common reports of the avaritious temper of *Ruffinus* must be false, when he could thus generously offer to take her without a shilling; and this being evidently the effect of love, that love must make him to her the best of husbands: he omitted not also to remind her, that from her own disposition she could not but be happy, as the whole pleasure of her life, he knew, consisted in the kindness and affection of the person with whom she was most nearly connected.

It was impossible for *Cordelia* on this subject to give her father any other answer, but that she begged a few days to consider of a proposal which so nearly concerned

concerned the happiness of her future life.

Cordelia so well knew the character of *Ruffinus*, that she would not have wanted one moment's consideration for the rejecting him and his offers. No consideration for herself would have made her have given her hand to a man whom she could not esteem and love, and whom therefore she must have deceived under that most solemn vow of marriage. But her father's necessities and her brother's distress, made her endeavour if possible to reconcile her mind to the undergoing the most dreadful of all lives, for the sake of bringing them some relief, or at least of relieving them from any cares for her support. As to the real generosity of *Ruffinus's* proposal, it was not specious enough to deceive her; she well knew that it proceeded from gratifying that liking, which she was not so blind but she perceived he had taken towards her the only time she had been in his company; and plainly did she see the fallacy of her father's reasoning, as being
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full well convinced that with so tyrannical, so cruel, and so hard a heart, as 'twas plain from his behaviour to his family he was possessed of, there could not dwell that love and affection which was indeed the chief joy of her life. She acquainted her brother *Ferdinand* with the proposal made by her father, to which he deeply sighed, and begged her to consult her own heart, and take advice from thence, for 'twas not in his power to dare the consequence which might attend the advice he wished to give her : but should she accept this offer'd opportunity of snatching herself from one kind of misery, surely, he said, heaven would bless such generosity, and her own affectionate heart would not suffer her to be unhappy.

Cordelia knew how excessively her brother loved her, and how much he wished her real happiness : seeing him therefore so subdued by their miserable circumstances, as not to dare the consequence of her refusing this advantageous offer, she caught his fears and his despair, and was almost

most come to a resolution of sacrificing her own peace for her father's support, when her brother *Oliver* arrived at the door.

He was received by them all with affectionate joy, and *Ferdinand* soon took an opportunity of informing him of the desperate state of his family. This information happened to be needless, for *Oliver* had long before heard of the ruin of his father; and altho' he made the appearance of being just come from abroad, he had been in *England* some weeks, but had his reasons for not going home, or giving them any notice of his arrival.

He gave them a short account of his travels, and seemed surprized they had not heard of the death of his friend with whom he travelled. This gentleman he informed them died at *Constantinople*, and left him all his fortune; which, *Oliver* said, amounted not to the sum it was reputed, but was sufficient, he hoped, to enable him to relieve the distresses of his family: and
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he kindly declared that his sister *Cordelia* should not be driven into a match which was disagreeable to her, if she would depend on his brotherly affection.

The arrival of *Oliver*, and this his behaviour, filled the whole family with a joy that is not to be expressed. *Nicanor* was freed from the fears of poverty, which he had by no means strength of mind enough to look boldly in the face; and *Ferdinand* and *Cordelia* shed tears of joy, to find such an alteration as they thought in *Oliver*, of whose generosity or affection they had hitherto had no great reason to think very highly. *Cordelia* readily embraced the liberty she now found she had of refusing her opulent lover; and he, in resentment for her refusal, married the first pretty face that came in his way.

Oliver took chambers for himself in one of the inns of court, and told his father that he would allow him sufficient to remain in his own house with his brother and sister.

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The real joy which possessed *Oliver's* mind, not that he could relieve his family, but that they were now truly his dependents, made him appear at first so very good-humour'd, that *Ferdinand* and *Cordelia* doubted not the truth of his friendly professions towards them.

Oliver was not naturally what may be called covetous, for he considered his money as a means of his pleasure: but that his pleasure was to exercise a tyrannical power of making people feel the weight of what he pleased to call an obligation, plainly appeared when he came to grant this promised allowance to his family.

Oliver fixed in *Nicanor's* mind a high opinion of his own prudence, and insinuated also that it was owing to his dutiful affection that he had preserved his fortune, in order to be of service to his father in his old age. He then artfully threw out so many reflexions on the contrary behaviour, that *Nicanor* looked back on the unmatched generosity of *Ferdinand* and *Cordelia* towards

wards him, as a blameable extravagance, and knew not that he was the father of one valuable child but *Oliver*.

When this mighty allowance from *Oliver* came to be made, it was indeed sufficient to keep his father ; that is, from starving ; and yet this was to be thought a proper maintainance for the whole family.

Ferdinand and *Cordelia* plainly saw their error, in imagining that a heart, so paltry as was *Oliver's*, could be in reality changed : but as they delighted not in the discovery, they seldom made it even to each other the subject of discourse.

Ferdinand now found the necessity of applying himself with the utmost assiduity to the study of the law ; but as he had not admitted into his mind the possibility of his brother's being so excessively fordid as to refuse him mere necessary assistance, he asked *Oliver* to supply him with barely money enough to support him, without his taking any thing from his father, till
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he could be able to repay him, and to support himself.

This request *Oliver* not only refused, but complained to his father that *Ferdinand* wanted (for the sake of indulging himself in idleness and luxury) to rob him of the means by which he was enabled at present to afford such an allowance, as he hoped indeed would be perfectly sufficient for his dear father's support.

Nicanor was but too apt at present to admit into his mind the idea of *Ferdinand's* doing something wrong ; for *Ferdinand* had not the happiness of appearing necessary to his pleasures : and *Oliver* by swelling every trifling gift and obligation into a mountain, possessed all the small stock of affection *Nicanor* had to bestow.

Ferdinand and *Cordelia* could have been happy in each other's company, and happier still if by their cheerful endeavours they could have amused and pleased their father ;

ther; but their means were spent, their generosity was forgot, and *Nicanor*, instead of looking on them with delight, loved not the sight of them, as from their distress he was self-reproached, and yet from their dutiful behaviour he could never find any just occasion for anger against them.

There is not perhaps any thing more unhappy for a family, than to have the head of it a pleasure-loving man soured by disappointments. Such a one is always gloomy and morose to those around him, and if ever he indulges the least vein of cheerfulness or good-humour, 'tis in the company of strangers before whom he may still have some little restraint. This was the present temper of *Nicanor*, and this made his children, partly to please and divert him, and partly to relieve themselves from his domestic moroseness, encourage the frequent visits of more company than strict prudence in their very strait circumstances would otherwise have allowed.

In this situation was *Nicanor's* family in the beginning of our history; and how they proceeded, our chief character on her next appearance in person shall farther relate.

End of Part the Second.

End of the First Volume.



Vol. I.

